



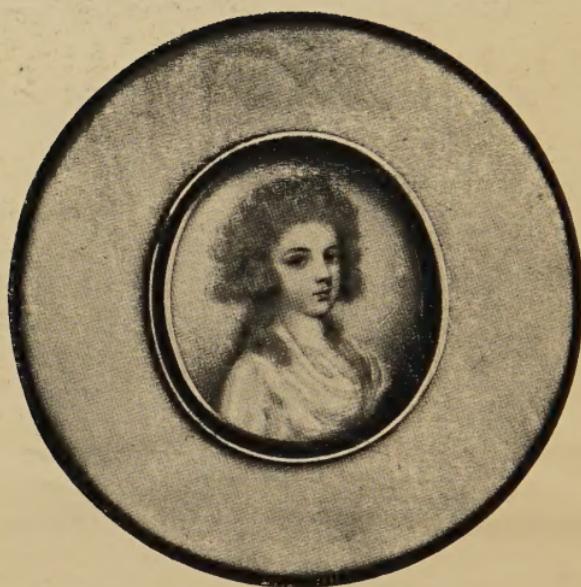
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FANNY BURNEY

*The Story of*  
**FANNY BURNEY**

Being an Introduction to the  
*Diary & Letters of Madame d' Arblay*

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By  
**MURIEL MASEFIELD, B.A.**  
(Mrs Charles Masefield)

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*To*

MY GOD-DAUGHTERS

ROSALIND & JOAN



## PREFACE

THE aim of this book is to do for the *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay* what Mr S. C. Roberts' *Story of Doctor Johnson* has aimed at doing for Boswell's *Life*; that is, to provide a brief introduction to a fascinating, but lengthy, record of eighteenth-century life.

The professed student of literature will, of course, easily do without an introduction either to Fanny Burney or to the world in which she lived; he can read the text of the *Diary and Letters* in its entirety. But there are others with an equally genuine, if less learned, interest in the eighteenth century who may perhaps welcome a little book which presents the main outlines of Fanny's social picture. To such readers this outline is offered, in the hope that by it they may be led to study the greater detail of the original canvas.

M. M.

January 1927



## CONTENTS

### Chapter

I INTRODUCTORY . . . . .	page 1
II THE BURNAY HOUSEHOLD . . . . .	4
III LIFE IN ST MARTIN'S STREET: GARRICK, DR JOHNSON . . . . .	11
IV "EVELINA: OR A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD" . . . . .	21
V THE CHARACTERS AND STYLE OF <i>EVELINA</i> . . . . .	28
VI STREATHAM: MRS THRALE, DR JOHNSON AND BOSWELL . . . . .	35
VII LAST DAYS WITH DR JOHNSON . . . . .	44
VIII THE BLUE-STOCKINGS . . . . .	47
IX SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, EDMUND BURKE AND SHERIDAN . . . . .	57
X MRS DELANY: HORACE WALPOLE: GEORGE III . . . . .	67
XI EVERYDAY LIFE AT COURT . . . . .	77
XII QUEEN CHARLOTTE: THE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES . . . . .	87

XIII	THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS: WINDHAM, BURKE AND SHERIDAN	97
XIV	ROYAL VISIT TO OXFORD: THE KING'S ILLNESS	105
XV	RELEASE FROM COURT: THE FRENCH ÉMIGRÉS AT JUNIPER HALL	114
XVI	MARRIAGE: CAMILLA COTTAGE	121
XVII	VISIT TO WINDSOR: PARIS: NAPOLEON	130
XVIII	PRESENTATION TO LOUIS XVIII: THE HUNDRED DAYS	140
XIX	BRUSSELS DURING WATERLOO	148
XX	CONCLUSION	153
	BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE	158

## ILLUSTRATIONS

FANNY BURNY . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
(From a miniature in the possession of Mrs F. Leverton Harris; reproduced in Miss C. Hill's <i>The House in St Martin's Street</i> )	
DR BURNY'S HOUSE IN ST MARTIN'S STREET . . . . .	<i>facing page</i> 12
(From a contemporary print; reproduced in R. Ingpen's edition of Boswell's <i>Johnson</i> )	
FANNY'S DRAFT OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF <i>EVELINA</i> . . . . .	26
(Reproduced in <i>The House in St Martin's Street</i> )	
MR THRALE'S HOUSE AT STREATHAM . . . . .	42
(From the engraving by E. Finden after the picture by C. Stanfield)	
MRS DELANY . . . . .	68
(After the painting at Hampton Court)	
THE ROYAL FAMILY . . . . .	92
(From Huish, <i>George III</i> )	
FANNY'S TICKET FOR THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS . . . . .	102
(Reproduced in Hill, <i>Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte</i> )	
GENERAL D'ARBLAY . . . . .	124

Thanks are due to Mrs F. Leverton Harris for permission to reproduce the frontispiece and the illustrations facing pp. 26 and 102; to Messrs John Lane, Ltd. for supplying blocks for these three pictures; and to Mr George Bayntun, of Bath, for the block of the picture facing p. 12



# *The STORY of* FANNY BURNEY

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY

THE story of Fanny Burney, the demure eighteenth-century “Miss” whose first novel kept Burke from his bed and Sir Joshua Reynolds from the dinner table, and made Dr Johnson impatient for the third volume, takes us into the same witty and companionable society that still lives in the pages of Boswell.

Born in 1752, Fanny Burney belonged to a circle which knew all the glamour of Garrick in a gay humour, of Burke in congenial talk at Sir Joshua Reynolds’ house, of Dr Johnson in the pleasant intimacy of Streatham, with the lively Mrs Thrale as hostess.

Fanny sipped her cup of tea in the new-fangled conversazioni of the great blue-stocking ladies, where “only the rank and the literature were admitted,” and she was entertained by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. She sat at Warren Hastings’ trial, and the leading prosecutors—Burke, Windham and Sheridan—all found their way to her side in

turn to hear her comments, or be dismissed with a cold curtsey when she thought they had been too severe.

Queen Charlotte, wishing to do honour to this surprising little Miss Burney, who had written a novel which the most carefully brought up princess might safely read, invited her to come to Court as second keeper of the robes. She was, as Horace Walpole expressed it, royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins, and for five years she kept a journal of Court life in which George III and his Queen live their daily round before us, and each Princess is more charming than the last.

Finally when the French Revolution stretched its shadow over England, Fanny was drawn into its fortunes. She married an *émigré* of the Terror, the Chevalier d'Arblay, who had been Adjutant-General to Lafayette. She shared the throes of France under Napoleon, who spoke gallantly of one of her books but sorely disturbed the course of her life.

She received still prettier compliments from Louis XVIII, and drove proudly beside her husband in the Bois de Boulogne when he was restored to his rank of General and belonged to the King's Body-Guard. Napoleon's escape from Elba broke up this happy security, and during the amazing Hundred Days of his last flare of activity Fanny had to fly from Paris. She was in Brussels during the battle of Waterloo, and only when Napoleon was at last in secure

restraint at St Helena could she begin to grow old in peace.

Through all these varied years Fanny Burney kept a voluminous journal, and wrote long, descriptive letters to her father and sister. The volumes are full of interesting matter, but their bulk—and perhaps their uneven quality—discourage many people from reading them. The object of this little book is to supply an introduction to the *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, to give her characters and scenes that touch of familiarity which makes further detail interesting.

In some cases a few supplementary facts about people and circumstances have been given—facts Fanny took for granted, and without which her pictures lose in interest and truth.

To those who are not familiar with the period, the very names which are brought together in the diary will be helpful in linking up the history and literature of more than half a century. Others may perhaps be reminded of the charm of growing intimate with a bygone generation, especially one which was distinguished for good talk and expressed itself vivaciously in letters, journals and memoirs.

The society of Madame d'Arblay's diary has a further hold on our imagination because it has been so richly illustrated by portrait painters—Gainsborough, Romney, Joshua Reynolds, Opie, Hoppner, Lawrence, Copley and West.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BURNEY HOUSEHOLD

CHARLES BURNEY, Fanny's father, was a man of great charm; the large and varied circle of his friends would have agreed readily that he was, in Dr Johnson's words, a man for all the world to love. "My heart goes out to meet him... I much question if there is in the world such another man as Dr Burney"—these were great tributes from Dr Johnson. Moreover, Mrs Thrale mentions as a further claim to distinction for Burney that he was the only man whose pardon Dr Johnson had ever asked!

Charles Burney was one of a large family, and he had to make his own way in the world. He chose music as his profession, and had the good luck to be taken as an apprentice by Dr Arne, a well-known London composer and musician. He passed hours of drudgery in copying music, varied by playing in the Drury Lane orchestra; he even composed pantomime music. At the house of Mrs Cibber, Dr Arne's sister, he saw something of society, and, as ever, his good spirits and his versatility won him a welcome. During his apprenticeship he was brought to the notice of Fulk Greville, a rich young man of fashion, who liked to believe himself in the van of all the arts and graces of life, as well as of

sport and pleasure. Greville wished for a musical companion to play to him and his guests, and to give him lessons as whim and leisure allowed, but was afraid he would never find a musician gentlemanly enough to fill the rôle. Kirkman, a harpsichord maker, promised to introduce to him a young man who had "as much music in his tongue as in his hands, and who was as fit company for a prince as for an orchestra."

Accordingly, Burney, quite unsuspecting, was invited to Kirkman's shop to try a new harpsichord, and Greville to listen. The result was that Greville paid Dr Arne £300 to cancel Burney's agreement with him, and engaged him himself.

Burney's happy temperament made the position an entirely pleasant one, and he enjoyed the society of the rich and fashionable without any loss of dignity or balance. Eventually Greville's marriage was quickly followed by Burney's own —to a beautiful and clever girl, Esther Sleepe, who had French ancestry on her mother's side. Burney now drew upon the circles into which he had been introduced by Greville for pupils, and was soon a popular music master. He found time to compose too, and became a doctor of music.

A period of bad health obliged Burney to move his family to King's Lynn in Norfolk, and there Frances, the third of his and Esther's six children, was born, in 1752. At Lynn Burney had soon as many friends as in London, and was

equally busy; even as he rode from one pupil's house to another's he would be studying Italian, with a Tasso in his hand, and a dictionary (of his own compiling) and commonplace book in his pockets. When he was able to take up his work in London again, he would often dine on sandwiches, with wine and water from a flask, in the hackney coach in which he made the round of his pupils. Yet he never seemed to be worried or ruffled; Fanny records in her diary that, however busy he might be, her father was always his natural self—gay, facile, sweet.

In 1761, when Fanny was nine years old, Mrs Burney died.

When the household rallied from this grief the boys and girls carried on somehow, with plenty of affection and kindness, but not a great deal of attention, from their busy, versatile father, who sought relief from his trouble in translating Dante. Their father's friends were inclined to take a hand in the up-bringing of the clever, attractive group of children. Amongst them was Samuel Crisp, who had been a man of the world, very much of the Fulk Greville type, had tried to write, and taken the failure of his tragedy—*Virginia*—so hardly that he had broken off from his old way of life. Now, from the retirement of a country house at Cheshington, he became a true guide, philosopher and friend to Dr Burney and his family, especially to “Fannikin,” who called him Daddy Crisp. He was one of the very few people who could break

through the crust of Fanny's shyness at this time: When she was but eleven, most of the visitors to the house found her nickname of the Old Lady so appropriate that they soon adopted it.

David Garrick and his wife also took a great interest in the little band of children, and on one occasion Garrick introduced two of them to his brother as "two of my children, two of the Burneys." Many antics Garrick played for this little private and particular audience.

In time two of the girls, Esther and Susan, were placed at school in Paris for two years. Fanny was passed over, partly because of her timidity and backwardness, partly because her father was afraid that her warm affection for her French grandmother might incline her to Roman Catholicism.

When Fanny was fifteen, her father married again. The second Mrs Burney was a lady of conventional good sense, who prided herself on blue-stocking tastes. She was a widow, with children of her own, and before long there were three families of young people in the Burney *ménage*. The sunny-tempered Burneys steered a happy course through all these relationships. Mrs Burney was often in Norfolk, where she had responsibilities, and then her step-daughters were left in charge of the London house, where they enjoyed the comings and goings of their father and his friends as much as ever. Dr Burney used to have musical evenings, and great musicians of the day delighted to present them-

selves, and to sing and play informally. On these occasions St Martin's Street would be almost blocked with the carriages of the fashionable world.

The talk she heard in her father's house was a vital part of Fanny's education, for she had little regular teaching. Susan read French with her, and long journal-letters to Daddy Crisp, with interesting replies from him in a whimsical but scholarly vein, took the place of the essay-writing of a normal education. Fanny always took more kindly to writing than reading, but she studied some solid books in her father's library, and she had a liberal education in human nature—from great personalities of her day to the family of the wig-maker next door.

The family circle of the Burneys must always have been interesting. Of the brothers, James sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and eventually became an admiral. Charles Lamb wrote of his flashes of wild wit and described his household in later life.

Charles, the youngest brother, was reputed to be the sweetest-tempered boy in the school when at Charterhouse; he won great distinction as a classical scholar, and became a second Dr Charles Burney.

Of the sisters, Esther, who sang and played for her father's guests, was the most vivacious. Susan—when only fourteen—wrote of her: “My eldest sister shines in conversation, because, though very modest, she is totally free from any

*mauvaise honte.*” Susan herself seems to have had an endearing charm which made all her family turn to her for sympathy, and introduce her with happy confidence to their various friends. She stood by crying when Fanny made a bonfire of her early manuscripts, she listened eagerly on the other side of the wall when Dr Burney read *Evelina* aloud to Mrs Burney before breakfast, and reported every laugh to Fanny, the still unknown authoress. When the secret was out, Mrs Burney could scarcely believe that Susan had had no hand in writing the book.

For Susan, Fanny wrote the greater part of her diary; at Susan’s house (she was then Mrs Phillips) she first met the Chevalier d’Arblay. The third sister—Charlotte—was considerably younger, and was often away in Norfolk. When at home, however, she added her full share to the family *joie de vivre*; Garrick called her his little Dumpling Queen.

Fanny was, at first, somewhat of a lame duck in this lively household. Susan, on her home-coming from the school in Paris, gravely noted Fanny’s characteristics in her own journal. She considered that they were “sense, sensibility and bashfulness, and even a degree of prudery. Her understanding is superior, but her diffidence gives her a bashfulness before company with whom she is not intimate, which is a disadvantage to her.”

Fanny probably lost nothing at this time by keeping her sprightliness in reserve. She made

breakfast for her father while his hair was being curled, copied his manuscripts, was dutiful in the household sewing, and the family relied upon her to be useful in many little ways. Her father often spoke of her with an affectionate "poor Fan"; her step-mother was afraid that her unfortunate taste for scribbling might unfit her for everyday life and society. Meanwhile in the pages of her journal Fanny lived over again, with fun and exuberance, the scenes in which she had played her actual part as a quiet figure in the background.

### CHAPTER III

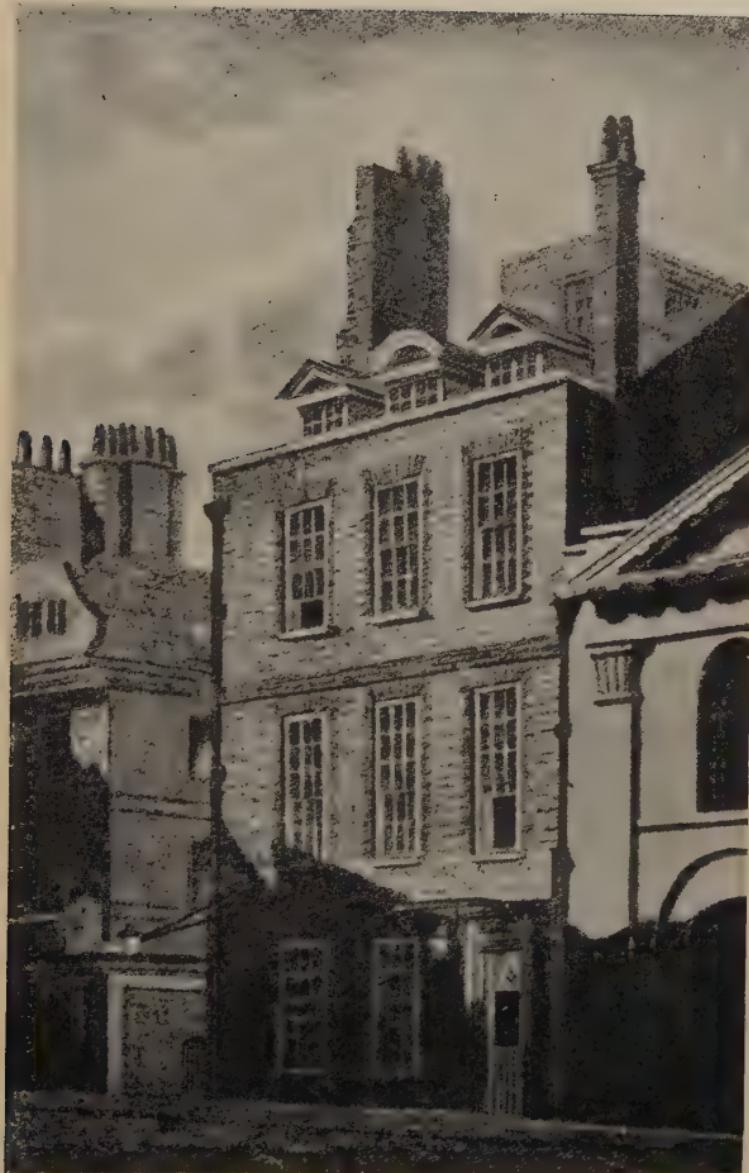
#### LIFE IN ST MARTIN'S STREET: GARRICK, DR JOHNSON

THE home life to which Fanny grew up was a genial, informal round of visitors, music, plays—seen from Garrick's private box—and willing usefulness in her father's study. St Martin's Street, to which the family moved in 1773, was not fashionable, but the Burneys took pride in the fact that their house had once belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, and a particular attraction was the observatory which he had fitted up there, and which Dr Burney put into repair at once. Dr Burney, although he was out so much of every day, was the life and soul of the household. His daughters began the day by hurrying downstairs to the study to make his early breakfast, each girl eager to find something to do for him. One of the early scenes in Fanny's *Memoirs* of her father, and evidently a characteristic one, is in the study before breakfast. Dr Burney was in the hands of the hair-dresser, who was frizzing, curling, powdering and pasting, according to the mode of the day, while Susan read the newspaper aloud to him, Charlotte made the tea, and Fanny occupied herself in arranging his books.

Upon this scene burst David Garrick, after a preliminary skirmish with the housemaid and

her pails, about which he rattled gaily: "Here's one of your maids downstairs that I love prodigiously to speak to, because she is so cross! She was washing, and rubbing and scrubbing, and whitening and brightening your steps this morning, and would hardly let me pass. Egad, Sir, she did not know the great Roscius! But I frightened her a little just now: 'Child,' says I, 'you don't guess whom you have the happiness to see! Do you know I am one of the first geniuses of the age? You would faint away upon the spot if you could only imagine who I am!'"

Dr Burney rose to clear a chair for this welcome guest, apologising for the litter of papers and books, which Fanny had evidently not yet reduced to order, but Garrick, throwing himself plumply into one that was well-cushioned with pamphlets and memorials, called out: "Ay, do now, Doctor, be in a little confusion! Whisk your matters all out of their places; and don't know where to find a thing that you want for the rest of the day;—and that will make us all comfortable!" He then turned his attention to the hair-dresser, as if fascinated by his skill; his face changed from interest to wonder, then to envious pathos, until, as Fanny describes him, with his mouth hanging stupidly open, he fixed his features in so vacant a stare that he was less like himself than some daubed wooden block in a barber's shop window. The situation was all the more piquant because, Fanny notes, Garrick himself had on what he called his scratch wig,



DR BURNETT'S HOUSE IN ST MARTIN'S STREET



which was so badly arranged and frightful, that the whole family agreed that no-one else could have appeared in it in the street, without a risk of being hooted at by the crowd.

When the hair-dresser was reduced to nervous fumbling, Garrick started up and “gawkily perked his altered physiognomy, with the look of a gaping idiot, full in the man’s face.” As the poor man hastily put the last touches to Dr Burney’s head, Garrick lifted his own miserable scratch from his head, and perching it high up in the air upon his finger and thumb, in a whining voice, squeaked out, “Pray, now, Sir, do you think, Sir, you could touch me up this here old bob a little bit, Sir?” Upon which the hair-dresser made his escape, and was heard laughing aloud on the other side of the door.

Garrick’s eye next fell upon a disorder of unbound books and pamphlets—your tag-rag and bobtail there—which he offered in a mock auction. Relaxing at last, he began comfortably: “And so, Doctor, you and tag-rag and bobtail, there, shut yourself up in this snug little book-stall, with all your blithe elves around you, to rest your understanding?” The girls exclaimed in protest: “Oh fie!” “Oh abominable!” “Rest his understanding! how shocking!” After more rattling, Garrick asked about some books he had lent to Dr Burney, who turned to Fanny—his librarian—for information.

Upon this there followed an imitation of Dr Johnson, for which Fanny excuses Garrick, ex-

plaining with anxious pains what a real love and admiration he had for him, although he could not resist mimicking his eccentricities.

At the thought of Dr Johnson, Garrick's person seemed to enlarge before their eyes:

“Pompously, then, assuming an authoritative port and demeanour, and giving a thundering stamp with his foot on some mark on the carpet that struck his eye—not with passion or displeasure, but merely as if from absence and singularity; he took off the voice, sonorous, impressive, and oratorical, of Dr Johnson, in a short dialogue with himself that had passed the preceding week:

“‘David!—will you lend me your Petrarca?’

“‘Ye-e-s, Sir!’

“‘David! You sigh?’

“‘Sir—you shall have it, certainly.’

“‘Accordingly,’ Mr Garrick continued, ‘the book—stupendously bound—I sent to him that very evening. But—scarcely had he taken the noble quarto in his hands, when—as Boswell tells me—he poured forth a Greek ejaculation and a couplet or two from Horace; and then, in one of those fits of enthusiasm which always seem to require that he should spread his arms aloft in the air, his haste was so great to de-barrass them for that purpose, that he suddenly pounces my poor Petrarca over his head upon the floor! Russia leather, gold border and all! And then, standing for several minutes erect, lost in abstraction, he forgot, probably, that he

had ever seen it; and left my poor dislocated Beauty to the mercy of the house-maid's morning mop!'"

Garrick's visits were a rare delight. Charlotte Burney, at the age of seventeen, after having been noticed by Garrick at the theatre, confided emphatically to her journal: "Splitt me, if I'd not a hundred times rather be spoken to by Garrick in public than His Majesty, God bless him!" Once, after he had promised an early morning visit before long, Charlotte makes the dejected confession that she had got up at seven o'clock for four mornings running, and taken unwonted pains with her toilet (usually completed later in the day) and waited expectant with clean face and hands, "clean linnen, a tidy gown and a smug cap," and—he never came at all.

Doctor Burney's private and informal concerts were a great feature of life at St Martin's Street. Only real lovers of music, Fanny tells us, were invited, but other visitors of diverse fame seem to have slipped in. Amongst them Fanny picks out for description the Abyssinian explorer Bruce, "the tallest man you ever saw in your life—at least, *gratis*." He seems to have been very suspicious that everyone who spoke to him was trying to get copy, which restricted his conversation considerably. Fanny thought that he entered the room with the state and dignity of a tragedy giant, and she was a little flustered when he singled her out for conversation, asking

“Were you not sorry, Miss Burney, to hear that I was dead?” Upon one of the party following up this opening with a jocular “Well, sir, as times go, I think, when they killed you, it is very well they said no harm of you,” the subject was cut short with a haughty “I know of no reason they had!” from Mr Bruce. The only part of the talk which warmed him into enthusiasm was a lady’s account of a sensitive girl who, on first hearing really good music, almost swooned and then burst into tears. “There’s a woman,” said Mr Bruce, with some emotion, “who could never make a man unhappy! Her soul must be all harmony.” Evidently the fashionable cult of sensibility was grateful and comforting to the explorer just back from African wilds.

On leaving, Mr Bruce again singled Fanny out for a remark, which she was unable to hear because of his great height. She complains that she was not allowed to be vain over this particularity, as a friend told her that in order to avoid more exacting conversation it was his habit to “single out for notice the youngest female present—except, indeed, a dog, a bird, a cat, or a squirrel, be happily at hand.” Another visitor described at length for Mr Crisp was Prince Orloff, a Russian, lately come from the Czarina of all the Russias—to sip a cup of tea in St Martin’s Street!

Fanny’s *Memoirs of Dr Burney* contain many incidents about famous musicians of her day.

There is a lively account of a visit from the Signora Agujari, who never quavered for less than fifty guineas an air. By way of conversation she was asked if she had heard another famous singer, Gabrielli, to which she replied—*O que non! Cela n'est pas possible!* and looked positively insulted. One of her attendants murmured that two first singers could never meet; and serenity was only restored by another guest's happy exclamation that two suns never shine at once! When the Signora Agujari did sing in St Martin's Street, the family were so much moved that they could hardly help falling at her feet.

In 1776 Dr Burney brought out the first volume of his *History of Music*, to which Fanny had given much humble labour as copyist. It was dedicated to Queen Charlotte and graciously received at Court, and Dr Burney's name became known in literary as well as in musical circles.

It was now that Mrs Thrale, the hostess of Dr Johnson, asked Dr Burney to give music lessons to her eldest daughter. His family were deeply interested in his first visit, for they had "been born and bred to a veneration of Dr Johnson," and they regarded the Thrales' house at Streatham as a coterie of wits and scholars, as distinguished as the blue assemblies in town presided over by Mrs Montagu and Mrs Vesey.

This proved to be one of the many instances of Dr Burney entering a house as a professional teacher and leaving it as an intimate friend. Dr Johnson welcomed him with interest, and

told him that his *Musical Tours* should be his model for the *Tour to the Hebrides*; Mrs Thrale's wit was equal to his expectations; Mr Thrale he found a man of "sound sense...with a liberal turn of mind, and an unaffected taste for talented society." His only complaint was that, as Mrs Thrale had no passion but for conversation, and found him very conversable, it was impossible to make much progress in teaching Miss Thrale music!

Very soon it was arranged that the Streatham house-party should visit Dr Burney in St Martin's Street. Fanny's pen runs on with gay satisfaction as she describes this visit to Daddy Crisp. First she describes Mrs Thrale—short and comfortably plump, with blue and lustrous eyes, extremely lively and chatty. "I liked her," Fanny writes, "in everything except her entrance into the room, which was rather florid and flourishing, as who should say, 'It's I—no less a person than Mrs Thrale!'"

Dr Johnson was announced while Esther and Susan were playing a duet, poor Susan's first performance in public. He was not musical, and seemed to think a duet was an entertainment to be seen rather than heard, as he drew a chair close to the piano and bent over the keys watching the four active hands so closely that "poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz!" This was very trying, considering the veneration they had been born and bred to, and another member of

the party would ogle them slyly, in unfeeling amusement. Fanny constrains herself to write: “But now, my dear Mr Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand and authoritative...his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards ...and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor.” Fanny was struck by the fact that her father, on being asked why he had not prepared the family for this uncouthness, exclaimed that he had never thought about it, except at his first meeting with the Doctor. Fanny herself soon came to admit that she only saw “his visage in his mind.” Charlotte never quite threw off this first impression, but then she had less veneration than her sisters, and nicknamed the Streatham household “Straighthem.”

When the duet was over, Esther was rewarded by a kiss from Dr Johnson, so hearty and substantial that everybody was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths. After this, however, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books. Fanny gives a very living picture of him, as he “pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eyelashes...and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean

and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself.... We were all excessively provoked, for we were languishing, fretting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read! What could that do for us?"

Fortunately the serving of chocolate caused a diversion, and the Doctor was then drawn into talk. As long as the subject was music his part in it was languid; this was the occasion on which he asked good-temperedly—"And pray, sir, who is Bach? Is he a piper?" More congenial subjects followed, and he soon held the eager attention of all the party; but he had to hurry away to dine at Mrs Montagu's. Fanny here gives a description of his dress, which she supposed to be his "best-becomes." He had "a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons (or, peradventure, brass) but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings."

Dr Burney now became intimate with the Streatham circle, and counted Dr Johnson's friendship as one of the rarest gifts life had brought him. Fanny's society, too, was soon to be courted by Mrs Thrale, and by all the other distinguished literary hostesses of her day, including Mrs Montagu herself; but at present she was probably the least noticed of Dr Burney's daughters.

## CHAPTER IV

### “*EVELINA: OR A YOUNG LADY’S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD*”

**F**ANNY BURNEY’S journal for 1778, the twenty-sixth year of her age, opens exuberantly:

“This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island.”

The ebullition of high spirits over, the journal continues more soberly: “I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a ‘young woman’ is liable; I have not pretended to show the world what it actually *is*, but what it *appears* to a girl of seventeen; and, so far as that, surely any girl who is past seventeen may safely do?”

Fanny did it so well that she gave a new type to literature, the figure which has been described as “the young person, nestling in her petticoats, who sits with so demure an air of permanence on Victorian literature, and represents indeed so real a part of our national character

that we shall never be able to forget her blushes altogether."<sup>1</sup>

The novel-readers of Fanny's day had had to be content with heroines who were either little more than pretty accessories to adventures, mysteries and intrigues, or else sentimentalists, like Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe, who poured out their loves and their sufferings copiously. It was something new to see a natural girl, acting naturally, in the social round of actual London. Evelina might be more than ordinarily unsophisticated, but behind her mistakes and her humiliations there was a refreshing independence of judgment and character, such as Fanny herself showed, through all her diffidence.

A feature that was still more pleasing in *Evelina* was that the book was really humorous without being coarse. This was a revelation to a generation whose ideas of fiction, and the humour proper to it, were chiefly founded on the novels of Fielding, Smollett and Sterne. Macaulay characteristically wrote that "most of the novels which preceded *Evelina* were such as no lady would have written; and many of them such as no lady could without confusion own that she had read." *Evelina* freed the novel from this reproach, and opened a new field to the woman writer. The way was cleared for Jane Austen.

Fanny Burney, like Jane Austen after her, dissembled her habit of writing as far as possible;

<sup>1</sup> *History of Story-Telling*, by Arthur Ransome.

her serious labours were devoted to copying her father's *History of Music* for the press, and her own scribbling was only indulged in secretly, with mixed feelings of shame and relish. She made one valiant attempt to suppress the awkward habit altogether, when her step-mother had put before her the unsuitability of such waste of time in a right-minded girl who wished to play a useful and womanly part in life. Fanny thereupon made a bonfire of all her manuscripts, including the *History of Caroline Evelyn*. Nevertheless, as she sat sewing or copying, her mind would play with the trying situation in which she had left Caroline Evelyn's child, and speculate upon the fate she might have devised for her. The story ran in her head, and eventually it must out.

Fanny carried out her venture like a conspirator. The odd moments when she could feel tolerably secure from interruption were so few that she only progressed at the rate of half a page a day, unless she wrote late at night. Her labours were doubled because she copied out the whole manuscript in a feigned hand, through fear of some wary publisher recognising her natural writing as that of Dr Burney's transcriber. When the second volume had thus been laboriously completed, Fanny's brother, Charles, took it to a publisher named Lowndes, who had already cast a favourable eye on the first volume. Fanny's heart sank when, "after all this fagging," he replied that he could not think of beginning

to print until the novel was quite completed. Fanny confided bitterly to her journal: "This man supposed... in all probability, that I could seat myself quietly at my bureau, and write on with all expedition and ease till the work was finished."

Finished it was, at long last. Charles Burney impressed on Mr Lowndes that the book was by a friend of his who wished to remain strictly incognito, and was to be addressed under the name of Mr Grafton, at the Orange Coffee House. Both Charles and Fanny were delighted by the offer of £20 for the manuscript, and one gift copy of the novel for the author—which, by the way, Fanny had to ask for twice before it reached her!

Fanny now began to feel an impulse to unburden her guilty conscience to her father, and seized the opportunity of a leave-taking when she was off for a visit to Daddy Crisp. Dr Burney was more amused than stirred by poor Fan's literary vagary (especially as she assured him earnestly that Charles had kept her name out of the affair), promised to keep the secret, and probably forgot all about it directly.

On 7th January 1778 a parcel was duly left for Mr Grafton at the Orange Coffee House—it was the proof sheets of *Evelina*.

*Evelina* had absolutely no one to puff it, to give it the launch of an august review; yet, before long, ladies were begging Mr Lowndes, the publisher, for copies, because it was so

unfashionable not to have read it, and society was buzzing with conjectures as to the author. Mr Lowndes could give no enlightenment; Fanny and her step-mother called at his shop themselves to find out what he told people, and were rewarded by the confidence that at one time he had suspected Horace Walpole—"for he once published a book in this snug manner."

There is a pleasing scene where Fanny reveals the authorship to her cousin Dick Burney, a young man of the "agreeable rattle"<sup>1</sup> type, who had found *Evelina* the solace of a tedious convalescence, and was lost in admiration of the hero, Lord Orville, of whom he exclaimed: "He is so elegant—so refined—so, so *unaccountably* polite—I can think of no other word."

Fanny presently hinted that she knew the author, and even went so far as to write on a slip of paper "No man." Finally, after Dick had followed her all round the room on his knees, she divulged the truth; and she afterwards wrote that she believed it was utterly impossible for astonishment to be greater than his was at that moment.

Then came the great day when Dr Burney got hold of the book, read the dedication, and realised that this was the "trash" which Fanny had confided to a publisher. Both Susan and Charlotte wrote graphic accounts of this event to Fanny, who was still at Chesington.

Dr Burney declared: "Upon my word I think

<sup>1</sup> *She Stoops to Conquer.*

it is the best novel I know excepting Fielding's . . . Lord Orville's character is just what it should be . . . and there is a boldness in it which struck me mightily, for he is a man not *ashamed* of being better than the rest of mankind. *Evelina* is in a new style, too, so perfectly innocent and natural." Some scenes he admitted were "pure vulgar to be sure," but "the girl's account of public places is very animated and natural, and not *common*."

To Susan, Dr Burney said that he would not betray the secret of the authorship, because "poor Fan's *such a prude*"; but he could not resist beginning to read it aloud with friends—Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker.

Although novels were objects of suspicion in many households as a pernicious form of literature, *Evelina* triumphed, and Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker delighted Dr Burney and Susan by their characteristic eighteenth-century raptures over it:

"'Oh,' said Miss Coussmaker, 'I am more charmed with it than ever! It is the sweetest thing, I do declare, that ever I read in my life—there's a Mrs Selwyn, a monstrous clever woman, that does trim and cut up some impertinent fools of lords—oh! I do assure you 'tis the highest thing I ever read in my life. And Lord Orville is such an amiable, humane, sweet character!'"

Praise was next to come from a more distinguished quarter. Susan wrote off to Chesington

# EVELINA

or

A

## Young Lady's

# ENTRANCE

into

# LIFE

## VOLUME I

FANNY'S DRAFT OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF "EVELINA"



that her father had come in with further news—“‘I have *such* a thing to tell you,’ said he, ‘about poor Fan.’” He had been having tea with Mrs Thrale at Streatham, when Dr Johnson began to tell her of a new novel called *Evelina*, which had so delighted another leader in literary circles, Mrs Cholmondeley, that she was determined to search all over London to discover the author. Aghast at another blue-stockting hostess stealing such a march upon her, Mrs Thrale exclaimed: “Good God! Why somebody else mentioned that book to me.... ‘*The modest writer of Evelina*,’ she talk’d to me of.”

It was at once determined that *Evelina* must be secured for the Streatham household. Dr Burney told Susan that Fanny could not have had greater compliments, for Mrs Cholmondeley and Mrs Thrale were very careful in their praise, as their opinions were likely to be quoted.

Soon Susan was able to report a letter from Mrs Thrale, describing how Dr Johnson compared *Evelina* with Richardson’s famous novels, and he and she “talk of it for ever, and he feels ardent after the *dénouement*.” This news, Fanny reported in her turn, almost crazed her with agreeable surprise; and she had to relieve her high spirits by dancing a jig round the mulberry tree in Mr Crisp’s garden, an incident which Sir Walter Scott enjoyed hearing from Mme d’Arblay when she was first introduced to him, at the age of sixty-four.

## CHAPTER V

### THE CHARACTERS AND STYLE OF *EVELINA*

THE opening of *Evelina*—the description of what might be called the antecedents of the plot—is complicated and somewhat sententious; it by no means prepares one for the straightforward vivacity which is to come. However, the situation resulting from Evelina's antecedents is a very promising one for a novelist, and it suited Fanny's lively mind and varied social experience admirably.

Evelina, beautiful and of good family, but unowned by her father, is brought up in strict seclusion at a country vicarage, and at seventeen she enters the social world under a disadvantage, with a feigned name. To this is soon added a further agitating complication in the appearance of her robustly vulgar grandmother from France, wealthy enough to be assertive even in aristocratic and fashionable circles, and determined to take Evelina under her wing. Between ignorance of the world and society, and difficulties with her vulgar relations, poor Evelina's career becomes one long series of "mortifying situations"—in the street, in the ball-room, at the Opera, and at Ranelagh, Vauxhall, the Pantheon and all the other celebrated public places of eighteenth-century London. This, too, when the hero—Lord Orville—who is continually forced

by cruel fate into misconception of her, is an improvement on Sir Charles Grandison, as perfect a social paragon as ever poor girl had to live up to! Here is one scene that is typical of Evelina's mortifications. She has been walking in Kensington Gardens with Mme Duval (her grandmother) and her cousins the Branghtons, who keep a silversmith's shop on Snow Hill. Presently a shower of rain sends the party for shelter to a small greengrocer's shop. Outside is a private coach, which Evelina recognised as Lord Orville's, and, afraid of one of the usual humiliating contretemps, she whispers to Miss Branghton not to speak her name. Of course this request only excited a fatal curiosity:

“...She would not rest until she had drawn from me the circumstances attending my first making the acquaintance. Then, calling to her sister, she said, ‘Lord, Polly, only think! Miss has danced with a Lord!’

“‘Well,’ cried Polly, ‘that's a thing I never should have thought of! And pray, Miss, what did he say to you?’

“This question was much sooner asked than answered; and they both became so very inquisitive and earnest, that they soon drew the attention of Madame Duval and the rest of the party; to whom, in a very short time, they repeated all they had gathered from me.

“‘Goodness, then,’ cried young Branghton, ‘if I was Miss, if I would not make free with his Lordship's coach, to take me to town.’

“‘Why, ay,’ said the father, ‘there would be some sense in that; that would be making some use of a Lord’s acquaintance, for it would save us coach-hire.’

“‘Lord, Miss,’ cried Polly, ‘I wish you would; for I should like of all things to ride in a coronet-coach.’

“‘I promise you,’ said Madame Duval, ‘I’m glad you’ve thought of it, for I don’t see no objection;—so let’s have the coachman called.’

“‘Not for the world,’ cried I, very much alarmed; ‘indeed it is utterly impossible.’

“‘Why so?’ demanded Mr Branghton: ‘pray, where’s the good of your knowing a Lord, if you’re never the better for him?’

“‘*Ma foi*, child,’ said Madame Duval, ‘you don’t know no more of the world than if you was a baby. Pray, Sir (to one of the footmen), tell that coachman to draw up, for I wants to speak to him.’

“‘The man stared, but did not move. ‘Pray, pray, Madame,’ said I, ‘pray, Mr Branghton, have the goodness to give up this plan; I know but very little of his Lordship, and cannot, upon any account, take so great a liberty.’”

Unfortunately the insolence of Lord Orville’s footmen only inflames Madame Duval’s obstinacy, and when she hears that his Lordship is spending an hour in Kensington Palace, close at hand, she has another terrible inspiration:

“‘Madame Duval is never to be dissuaded from a scheme she has once formed. ‘Do so,’

cried she, 'and give this child's compliments to your master; and tell him, as we ha'n't no coach here, we should be glad to go just as far as Holborn in his.'

"'No, no, no!' cried I; 'don't go—I know nothing of his Lordship—I send no message—I have nothing to say to him!'

"The men, very much perplexed, could with difficulty restrain themselves from resuming their impertinent mirth. Madame Duval scolded me very angrily, and then desired them to go directly. 'Pray, then,' said the coachman, 'what name is to be given to my Lord?'

"'Anville,' answered Madame Duval; 'tell him Miss Anville wants the coach; the young lady he danced with once.'

"I was really in an agony; but the winds could not have been more deaf to me than those to whom I pleaded!...He returned in a few minutes, and, bowing to me with the greatest respect, said, 'My Lord desires his compliments, and his carriage will always be at Miss Anville's service.'"

The Branghtons thereupon enter the coach in high delight, Evelina in bitterness of spirit, tempered by admiration of Lord Orville's unfailing courtesy. Yet the worst is still to come, for the Branghtons contrive to break a window on the drive, and young Branghton takes it upon himself to call upon Lord Orville to make a personal apology.

One more sketch—of the Branghtons at home—has a particular interest because it sup-

plied the motive (as we shall see later), for an amusing incident when Dr Johnson put Boswell to confusion at Mrs Thrale's table.

"The dinner was ill-served, ill-cooked and ill-managed. The maid who waited had so often to go downstairs for something that was forgotten, that the Branghtons were perpetually obliged to rise from table themselves, to get plates, knives and forks, bread or beer. Had they been without *pretensions*, all this would have seemed of no consequence; but they aimed at appearing to advantage, and even fancied they succeeded. However, the most disagreeable part of our fare was that the whole family continually disputed whose turn it was to rise, and whose to be allowed to sit still."

*Evelina* will always be refreshing reading to the student of eighteenth-century fiction; from it can be imbibed the very atmosphere of social London, from the favourite resorts and the exclusive ball-rooms to the silversmith's shop on Snow Hill, and the lodgings of the Holborn beau who glories in keeping a footboy.

Judged purely in the light of to-day, *Evelina* shows some of the defects that might be expected from its qualities. It skims the surface of the ball-room, the public gardens, the Opera House, so vivaciously, presents such a gay, photographic comedy of contemporary life, that it sometimes misses the sober tones of actual truth. It is hard to believe that there could be quite such unpleasant vulgar relations as the Branghtons,

without a redeeming touch, even of family affection, or quite such a vain and pretentious Holborn beau as Mr Smith. Even in her own day there were complaints that the horse-play of the retired Captain Mirvan was exaggerated, and so, one hopes, were the fops who made two old women race for a wager.

Nevertheless, if Fanny had bethought her that life and character were very mixed, and toned down her Branghtons to something more like average human nature, they would probably not have been so amusing and unforgettable. Of Mr Smith, Dr Johnson said: "Such a fine varnish of low politeness!... There is no character better drawn anywhere." Mrs Thrale repeats an expressive description of him as "a fine gentleman *manqué*."

Fanny Burney's literary style could not escape the taste of her day for studied elegance. To be too simple was to be inelegant, if not slovenly. In *Evelina* we find carefully balanced sentences, made sonorous with abstract nouns. For instance, her guardian writes to Evelina: "May'st thou, stranger to ostentation, and superior to insolence, with true greatness of soul shine forth conspicuous only in beneficence!" Her lover presses her in these terms: "Will you not, then, my too lovely friend!—will you not, at least, teach me with fortitude like your own to support your absence?" And, in pleading with her to fix a day for the wedding: "Suffer therefore its acceleration, and generously complete my felicity by

endeavouring to suffer it without repugnance." She was not "proof against his solicitations," and her friends congratulated her upon being "the object of his partiality."

Fortunately the graphic quality of the scenes and the sprightliness of most of the talk redeem *Evelina* from more than that touch of artificiality which brings out the proper flavour of the period. In *Cecilia* the artificial elegance does begin to encroach upon the life of the book, and in *Camilla* and *The Wanderer* (with its sub-title *Female Difficulties*) the spark of life barely flickers.

The increasing elaboration of Fanny's style has been said to be due to imitation of Dr Johnson's prose. The long words of Latin derivation which he loved, and what may be called the ornate architecture of his sentences, she is supposed to have taken as her models, unsuitable as they were to light fiction and records of everyday life. This is not a very satisfactory explanation, and in the preference for an ornate style even the great Doctor was a child of his generation, although he had, as Fanny herself told Mr Windham, little indulgence for "more words than matter." The five years in Queen Charlotte's service at Court seem to have imposed a touch of sententiousness on Fanny's thought and writing, and it is not surprising that, with all the pre-occupations of her later life, she lost the gay vivacity which was the natural atmosphere of the young Burney household in St Martin's Street.

## CHAPTER VI

### STREATHAM: MRS THRALE, DR JOHNSON AND BOSWELL

THE time came when Fanny could no longer enjoy her fame quietly in the happy retreat at Chesington.

The indefatigable Mrs Thrale might be described quite aptly as Fanny's "producer"; once Fanny was installed in her house at Streatham, it seemed to be a case of "Mrs Thrale presents Miss Burney" to literary London. Nevertheless her tact made the process as easy as possible to poor Fan—a timid, but piquant, little figure to fill the rôle of literary lion. The effervescent kindness of Mrs Thrale soon set her at her ease; when she had committed herself to a long visit to Streatham she described how her hostess, to spare her the embarrassment of talking, at first did not try to draw her out, but made it her business to draw herself out for her shy guest's amusement.

Fanny recorded her first visit to Streatham as "the most consequential day I have spent since my birth." We can imagine her arrival at the big white house—pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock—which the good sense of the master and the liveliness of the mistress made one of the favourite literary rendezvous of late eighteenth-century London. As soon as Fanny

crossed the threshold, posterity also was admitted to its table-talk, its library, and its discussions. Even the first evening, while she was trying to play her part at what she described as a noble dinner and most elegant dessert, Fanny was busy memorising the conversation.

Dr Johnson, who then made his headquarters with the Thrales, announced that sitting by Miss Burney made him very proud that day—too proud to eat mutton pie. “‘Miss Burney,’ said Mrs Thrale, laughing, ‘You must take great care of your heart if Dr Johnson attacks it, for I assure you he is not often successless.’”

The conversation ran on with animation, and Garrick came under discussion. “‘Nothing is so fatiguing,’ said Mrs Thrale, ‘as the life of a wit; he and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know, for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others.’”

“‘David, Madam,’ said the Doctor, ‘looks much older than he is; for his face has had double the business of any other man’s.... I don’t believe he ever kept the same look for half-an-hour together in the whole course of his life.’”

Within a few minutes Dr Johnson was relating how Sir John Hawkins had begged to be excused from paying his share of a club supper because he personally had not been in the humour to eat, and Fanny’s quick ear delighted in the new adjective the Doctor coined to

conclude his story—"Sir John was a most *unclubable* man."

On her return home from this consequential day Fanny found fresh laurels awaiting her. Her sister Hetty was eager to relate how Sir Joshua Reynolds had become absorbed in *Evelina*, and his sister had found him quite absent all day, not hearing a word that was said to him, and finally he sat up all night to finish it, and vowed he would give fifty pounds to know the author.

When Fanny returned to stay at Streatham, the household received her as an intimate and Dr Johnson even ventured to tease her the first night. There had been the usual late afternoon dinner, followed by tea and cake in the evening, and when Mrs Thrale asked if Fanny would like some supper she refused. The Doctor broke in—"Yes; she is used, madam, to suppers; she would like an egg or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher—a rasher, I believe, would please her better."

Poor Fanny was covered with confusion, and hardly equal to disclaiming such robust tastes, and Mrs Thrale would order the meal. The next morning Dr Johnson made the *amende honorable* by a characteristic apology. He described how he had tossed on an uneasy bed because he was afraid he had offended Miss Burney—"I have seen her but once, and I talked to her of a rasher!" To pass the night-watches and appease his conscience he had searched for some authority for the word rasher, and was not

a little comforted to find it used by Dryden, who had written—"And snatch a homely rasher from the coals."

Before this same day was over a happy friendship had been established between "dear little Burney" and the Doctor. Seating himself on a sofa, he had called: "Come, Evelina—come, and sit by me."

"I obeyed, and he took me almost in his arms—that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times, at least, round me—and, half-laughing, half-serious, he charged me to 'be a good girl.'"

Another day, shaking his head at her, he exclaimed, "O, you little character-monger, you!"

This is one of the most charming friendships in literature. Dr Johnson's affection for Fanny is a guarantee of her genuine, unspoiled character, for he never could suffer affectation, conceit or insincerity quietly; he must either respect or pity before he could love. Fanny tells us that an enthusiastic Irish disciple said that none but a fool or a rogue had any need to be afraid of him.

For Fanny the Doctor laid aside his dictatorial manner, with her he admitted the pleasure of talk that was not the pure battle of argument in which he loved best to exert himself. Fanny knew him at his most gallant, and society marvelled to see him grown quite polite, getting her a chair and a cup of tea, and paying her

compliments—in which Mrs Thrale said he could excel when he was inclined. Even Boswell admitted that Fanny drew out a side of the Doctor that was almost hers alone.

In later years, when Boswell was preparing his famous biography, he badgered Fanny for her letters from Dr Johnson, and her Court companions looked on with curiosity while he pleaded with her at the rails of the Queen's Lodge. The scene is characteristic of both Boswell and Fanny.

“At the gate of the choir Mr Turbulent brought him to me. We saluted with mutual glee: his comic-serious face and manner have lost nothing of their wonted singularity; nor yet have his mind and language, as you will soon confess.... I asked about Mr Burke's book. ‘Oh,’ cried he, ‘it will come out next week: 'tis the first book in the world, except my own, and that's coming out also very soon; only I want your help.’

“‘My help?’

“‘Yes, madam; you must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's; we have seen him long enough upon stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow; I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam: so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself.’”

Fanny did not wish to hand her letters over

to him, nor did she dare to invite within the Queen's Lodge "a man so famous for compiling anecdotes." She temporised, she apologised, but she could not make her escape.

"Finding he had no chance for entering, he stopped me again at the gate, and said he would read me a part of his work. There was no refusing this; and he began, with a letter of Dr Johnson's to himself. He read it in strong imitation of the Doctor's manner, very well, and not caricature. But Mrs Schwellenberg was at her window, a crowd was gathering to stand round the rails, and the King and Queen and Royal Family now approached from the Terrace. I made a rather quick apology and hurried to my apartment.

"You may suppose I had enquiries enough, from all around, of 'Who was the gentleman I was talking to at the rails?' And an injunction rather frank not to admit him beyond those limits."

The indomitable Boswell made another attempt upon Fanny's letters, catching her as she came from early prayers the next morning—but in vain. He had small thanks, too, for his kind urgency in pressing her to give up the royal service.

Fanny recorded at length in her journal many conversations at Streatham, but generally the whole argument must be followed to get the real gusto of Dr Johnson's talk. Her impish pen was most at its ease in touching in a scene, such

as that at Mrs Thrale's luncheon table on the day she first met Boswell:

“As Mr Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr Boswell was preparing to take a seat which he seemed, by prescription, to consider as his own, next to Dr Johnson; but Mr Seward, who was present, waived his hand for Mr Boswell to move further on, saying with a smile: ‘Mr Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney’s.’”

Boswell, who had not yet come across *Evelina*, looked resentful, especially when he saw that his supplanter was a mere girl, with apparently nothing but inoffensiveness to qualify her for the seat of honour. Fanny describes how he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair, and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr Johnson, and she saw a smile spreading from one face to another, including the Doctor's. Boswell remained unconscious of it:

“Of everyone else, when in that presence, he was unobservant, if not contemptuous. In truth, when he met with Dr Johnson, he commonly forebore even answering anything that was said...lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited, homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that

might be uttered: nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it, latently or mystically, some information."

Presently the Doctor, on appealing to Bozzy, was startled to discover that Bozzy was still planted as closely as possible behind and between Fanny's elbow and his own, and clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, he said sharply, "What do you do there, sir?—Go to the table, sir." At that Boswell precipitately withdrew to a distant seat, but "ever restless when not at the side of Dr Johnson, he presently recollected something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search; when the Doctor, calling after him, authoritatively said: 'What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed?—Come back to your place, sir!'

"Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr Boswell did as he was bid; when the Doctor, pursing his lips not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself: 'Running about in the middle of meals!<sup>1</sup> One would take you for a Branghton!'

"'A Branghton, sir?' repeated Mr Boswell, with earnestness; 'what is a Branghton, sir?'

"'Where have you lived, sir?' cried the Doctor, laughing; 'and what company have you kept, not to know that?'

"Mr Boswell now, doubly curious, yet always

<sup>1</sup> See chapter v, p. 32.



MR. THRALE'S HOUSE AT STREATHAM



apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr Johnson, said, in a low tone, which he knew the Doctor could not hear, to Mrs Thrale: 'Pray, ma'am, what's a Branghton? Do me the favour to tell me! Is it some animal hereabouts?'

"Mrs Thrale only laughed, but without answering, as she saw one of her guests uneasily fearful of an explanation. But Mr Seward cried: 'I'll tell you, Boswell—I'll tell you!—if you will walk with me into the paddock; only let us wait till the table is cleared, or I shall be taken for a Branghton, too!' They soon went off together...but the Branghton fabricator took care to mount to her chamber ere they returned, and did not come down till Mr Boswell was gone."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Dr Burney.*

## CHAPTER VII

### LAST DAYS WITH DR JOHNSON

A CHAPTER of Fanny's life ended with the death of the great Doctor, whose friendship she had felt to be the chief glory of her own "entrance into the world." He left her established in society, with a dignity of her own, in spite of her constitutional timidity; there was no one else who could presume to call her 'dear little Burney.'

Most of her last memories of the Doctor were happy ones. Here is a little scene, when she pays him a morning call:

"The dear Doctor received me with open arms. 'Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!' he cried, and made me sit in his best chair.

"He had not breakfasted.

"'Do you forgive my coming so soon?' said I.

"'I cannot forgive your not coming sooner,' he answered. I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented.

"'But, sir,' quoth I, 'I am in the wrong chair.' For I was away from the table.

"'It is so difficult,' said he, 'for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one.' And then we changed."

One more talk Fanny zealously recorded, word for word, describing it as a longer and

more satisfactory conversation with him than she had had for many months.

They spoke of genius:

“‘Doubtless,’ said he, ‘but there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as what is genius. They give to it all, when it can be but a part. Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools; but there must be tools for it to use: a man who has spent all his life in this room will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next.’

“‘Certainly, sir; yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban.’

“‘No; but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw a monstrous cow must first know what a cow commonly is; or how can he tell that to give her an ass’s head or an elephant’s tusk will make her monstrous?’”

This talk was broken off because Fanny saw the Doctor begin to flag, and, for the first time she remembered, he did not ask her to stay longer, but pressed her hands and bade her come again soon. As she was leaving he called her back, and “in a solemn voice, and, in a manner the most energetic, said ‘Remember me in your prayers.’ I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare. I gave him my promise, and, very heavily indeed, I left him.”

Fanny’s father visited the Doctor just before his death, and brought another message—“Tell Fanny to pray for me.”

Dr Johnson clasped Dr Burney's hand and found comfort in it, as he made his last prayer—"fervent, pious, humble, eloquent and touching"—for himself. Fanny was not able to see him again.

The Streatham circle was now sadly broken up. Mr Thrale had died, leaving Dr Johnson one of the executors of his will, and the dignity and well-ordered life of the household were never quite re-established.

Miss Thrale—Queeny—appears in Fanny's pages, when quite a young girl, with good sense and restrained manners, sometimes a little hard, like her father (Mrs Thrale complained that when travelling with Mr Thrale, Queeny and Dr Johnson she had to be civil for four!), but her influence over her volatile mother was not strong. Mrs Thrale could not live without congenial companionship, and before very long she startled her friends by marrying Signor Piozzi, a music master in her circle. Dr Burney excused them with characteristic good humour, saying that no one could blame Piozzi for accepting a gay, rich widow.

Her daughters and Dr Johnson found it harder to be tolerant and for some time he deliberately drove her from his mind; the house was soon let to Lord Shelburne (the Prime Minister of 1782-83). The friendship between Fanny and Mrs Thrale was never again intimate after she became Mrs Piozzi, but Streatham, its mistress and its society, remained amongst the principal memories of Fanny's life.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE BLUE-STOCKINGS

THE age of “the wits,” to which Fanny Burney belonged, abounded in Coffee Houses, Clubs and favourite taverns, many of them frequented as much for the talk as for the dinner or cards. By the middle of the eighteenth century ladies of “parts” were no longer contented to be left out of all these intellectual rendezvous, as though conversation and displays of wit were outside their province. As early as 1734, Dean Swift corresponded on the subject with the charming Mrs Delany, who tactfully dissembled intellectual tastes beneath a becoming interest in dress, embroidery, and ingenious little crafts. Swift wrote from Dublin: “A pernicious error prevails here that it is the duty of your sex to be fools in every article except what is merely domestic, and, to do the ladies justice, there are few of them without a good share of that heresy.”

Nearly fifty years later, when *Evelina* had been before the world for four years, Fanny Burney records a conversation which shows that a change had been worked:

“‘This,’ said Burke, bowing his head almost upon the table-cloth, ‘this is the age for women!’

“‘A very happy modern improvement!’ cried

Sir Joshua [Reynolds] laughing..., 'though I remember, when I first came into the world, it was thought but a poor compliment to say a person did a thing like a lady!'

"'Ay, Sir Joshua,' cried my father, 'but, like Molière's physician, *nous avons changé tout cela.*'"<sup>1</sup>

This talk ended in courtly bows to Fanny from all round the table; but Fanny had not wrought the change alone. A group of society ladies, more boldly progressive than Mrs Delany, had taken the lead in giving up card-parties and the conventional rout in favour of the salon for organised conversation. Boswell has a few words of indulgent description of the new movement:

"About this time it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs.*"

There is some dispute as to how the name blue-stocking came to be applied to these intellectual coteries, but Boswell and Fanny Burney are agreed that it arose through Benjamin Stillingfleet, a botanist of note, who used to attend in his everyday blue stockings—blue-grey worsted hose were then common morning wear for gentlemen. His conversation was so stimulating that the saying arose—"We can do nothing without the blue stockings." There is a letter to Mrs Montagu, dated 1756, when

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Dr Burney.*

Stillingfleet was staying at her country-house, which ends playfully: "You shall not keep blew stockings at Sandleford for nothing!" Fanny says it was the unconventional Mrs Vesey who set the fashion, by meeting an apology of Stillingfleet's with—"O don't mind dress, come in your blue stockings." In this way the word came to imply both learning and disregard of ceremony.

Mrs Vesey was the first of the bold hostesses who attacked the tyranny of cards in favour of conversation, and dared to put her faith in tea and sweetmeats as sufficient refreshments for the conversazione. She was known as the Sylph to her friends, and seems to have had an elusive, volatile charm and a gift for galvanising other people into animation. Fanny writes of her: "All her name in the world must, I think, have been acquired by her dexterity and skill in selecting parties, and by her address in rendering them easy one with another—an art, however, that seems to imply no mean understanding." The conversazione was called a Vesey by some of her contemporaries.

Fanny gives an account of a great rout at Mrs Vesey's, on which occasion she suffered from her hostess' studied neglect of ceremony. Fanny's name was announced at the door, but no hostess came forward to greet her. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who saw that it was very distressing to her to come in alone, saved the situation by calling out with a smile—"Miss Burney, you

had better come and sit by me, for here's no Mrs Vesey," and Fanny gladly obeyed what she considered as a droll summons.

Fanny gives a vivid picture of Mrs Vesey, who was somewhat deaf, darting wherever she saw an animated gesture, a smile or an expression of earnestness and presenting one of the little silver ears she wore at her wrist at the speaker's face, as if she thought she could literally catch the *bon mot*.

Although Mrs Vesey gave the first impetus to the new movement, Mrs Montagu soon took the lead and became the acknowledged Queen of the Blues. There was an air of vague remoteness about Mrs Vesey, whereas Mrs Montagu brought a direct concentration to the attack. Hannah More claimed that Mrs Montagu combined "the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgement and experience of a Nestor!" As a child she had been precocious and restless, nicknamed Fidget in her family; before she was eight she had copied out the whole of Addison's *Spectator*, at twelve she complained of the dullness of Cambridge, which, she said, afforded nothing entertaining or ridiculous enough to put into a letter. Nevertheless, at twenty-two she married a mathematical scholar—Edward Montagu—who was thirty years older than herself. He was also the grandson of an earl, and a wealthy man.

Mrs Montagu made a reputation by publishing an essay on Shakespeare, to refute Voltaire's criticism, and then she settled down to the

congenial vocation of leader of the new intellectual society.

Mrs Montagu's entertainments were magnificent. She fitted up a Chinese room, with wall-paper from Pekin and costly Chinese stuffs and ornaments; she had a Great Room with a ceiling decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, and a saloon hung entirely with feathers, which it took ten years to complete. Mrs Delany gently deprecated her taste in later life, when she had her dressing-room painted with bowers of roses and jessamines, inhabited by little Cupids.

Although Mrs Montagu's schemes of decoration were grandiose, and cookery was not neglected, the great feature of the entertainment was always conversation. She expected from her friends "the sal volatile of lively discourse," and told Garrick that she never invited idiots to her house.

Dr Johnson rallied Fanny on the ordeal of a first meeting with her—"Come, Burney, shall you and I study our parts against Mrs Montagu comes?" When the meeting was over, and Fanny had received an invitation from the Queen of the Blues, she wrote that now she was invited to Mrs Montagu's, she thought the measure of her glory full!

Mrs Montagu, like other blue-stocking hostesses, made a study of the best arrangement of seats and grouping of guests to promote a real engagement of wits. Fanny describes the stately semi-circle which she favoured; it was said that

everything in the house began to form itself into a circle or semi-circle. Lady Louisa Stuart explains the advantage of the formation—everything was heard by the general company, and the applause acted as a dram does on bodily combatants, encouraging fresh sallies of wit. Mrs Vesey was driven to vindicate her originality by breaking up circles and groups at her house; Fanny has a story of guests of hers complaining that they had all been forced to sit back to back!

Fanny very soon had the entrée of the inner circle which Mrs Thrale described as a flaming party of blues. Mrs Thrale herself was regarded as one of the blue-stocking hostesses; it was said that Mrs Montagu's guests came to hear her talk, Mrs Vesey's to talk themselves, Mrs Thrale's to talk to Mrs Thrale. The hospitality at Streatham was probably more comfortable and genial, and the hostess, as Fanny expressed it, "blither and more bland." Mrs Thrale's husband, who was "very partial to her understanding," did not allow her to distract her mind with the business of house-keeping.

Many distinguished blue-stockings come into Fanny's diary, including the real scholar, Elizabeth Carter, who translated Epictetus, and Hannah More, who wrote a rhyming chronicle of the movement, called *Bas Bleu*.

After meeting Elizabeth Carter, Hannah More and Fanny Burney together, Dr Johnson told Boswell that three such women were not to

be found. Yet Fanny tells us that the exuberant Hannah More once met with a very severe reproof from the Doctor—"Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your praise is worth his having."

It is interesting to compare Hannah More's career in this "age for women" with Fanny's. Both scribbled secretly in childhood; the little Hannah made a stealthy collection of odd bits of paper to write on and kept them hidden in a housemaid's cupboard. Fanny was backward, however, whereas Hannah was so precocious that her father—a grammar-school master—was afraid of her learning more than was good for a girl. Eventually her childhood's ambition "to go to London to see Bishops and Booksellers" was fulfilled, and she went with the reputation of having produced a good pastoral play, first acted by the girls' school her sisters had opened in Bristol. A fortunate friendship with the Garricks gave Hannah More an introduction to literary society. Garrick gave her the nickname of "Nine," implying she was all the Muses in one; to Horace Walpole she was "Saint Hannah." She had a longer career of writing than Fanny, and made a fortune by her books. Her moralising novel—*Coelebs in Search of a Wife*—sold enormously in England and America; her *Village Politics* and *Cheap Repository Tracts* were pioneer work in providing reading for the poor. Fanny complained that "Miss More sometimes points

out imperfections almost unavoidable, with amendments almost impracticable." Nevertheless she was evidently good company.

Mrs Chapone was another true blue, who as an eager girl—Hester Mulso—sat at the feet of Richardson, and even ventured upon arguments with him about his novels. Mrs Chapone's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind* were put into the hands of every well-brought-up girl, from the Princess Royal downwards. Mrs Delany advised her great-niece to read it through once a year. Sheridan made Lydia Languish try to atone for *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet and *Roderick Random* in the cupboard by bidding her maid lay Mrs Chapone in sight. Thackeray's Miss Pinkerton claimed great respect because she was "the correspondent of Mrs Chapone herself."

Mrs Chapone was plain—Fanny goes so far as to write of her uncommon ugliness—and poor, but her zest in life, and particularly in an argument, never failed her. She wrote to Fanny affectionately: "Are you in town, my dear Miss Burney, and do you remember an old soul that used to love your company? If you will give it me next Thursday evening you will meet Pepys, Boscawen, etc.; so you may put on your blue stockings."

It is sad that when Fanny did visit Mrs Chapone, she complained of rather a humdrum evening, and regretted that she had not the courage to try to enliven her circle, as "a little

rattling would mend matters prodigiously, and, though they might stare a little, I am sure they would like it."

When Mrs Chapone died, in 1801, Fanny wrote: "How is our Blue Club cut up!"

It was perhaps at Miss Monckton's that Fanny met the most distinguished circle. Miss Monckton collected interesting guests as if they were rare curios. She then left them to entertain one another, while she herself leaned on the back of a chair, dressed in a fine white muslin dress, even at Christmas, and just welcomed new arrivals with a casual nod and "How do do?"

Amongst her guests were Doctor Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Windham, Horace Walpole, Mrs Siddons, Sheridan—in fact, in Boswell's phrase, the finest bit of blue in London.

These ghosts of the parties of 1779, and the few following years, which rise before the mind's eye from the pages of Fanny's diary, all have the same features. The hostesses vie with one another in collecting "all extraordinary or curious people" who can be found within the select circles of the rank and the literature. The "tonish misses" flit in and out, "all dressed superbly, all looking saucily," and exchange confidences about the vastly disagreeable business of dining in sacques and ruffles; and the zealous blues work up informality until they achieve "as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see." And through it all some of them

keep their sense of humour “prodigious snug,” and Fanny herself does not sparkle so much in describing the conversazione as in the more intimate scenes of St Martin’s Street and Streatham.

## CHAPTER IX

### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, EDMUND BURKE AND SHERIDAN

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS appears more than once in the diary smoothing the thorny paths of society for the diffident Fanny. This is characteristic; he appears as a sympathetic and helpful friend in other lives and memoirs of the period. Dr Johnson had confidence in his judgment, and took advice from him as to whether he could in honour accept a pension. Sir Joshua did good service in overcoming the Doctor's scruples, and he did Fanny Burney a like service when he helped to persuade her father that she ought to be set free from her death-in-life at Court. Goldsmith voices the affectionate faith all his friends had in him in the lines:

*“Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.”*

Thackeray, after his studies in the society of the last half of the eighteenth century, recorded his opinion: “I declare, I think, of all the polite men of that age Sir Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman.”<sup>1</sup>

His generation certainly owes some of its hold on the imagination of posterity to his portraits,

<sup>1</sup> *The Four Georges.*

which give an impression of the style of the period with its particular charm and also do justice to the individuality of his sitters. Amongst those who sat to him were Dr Burney, Burke, Sheridan and Mrs Sheridan, Dr Johnson, Garrick, Boswell, Mrs Thrale, Gibbon, Oliver Goldsmith, Mrs Montagu and Warren Hastings. Unfortunately he never went beyond the suggestion of painting Fanny.

Fanny's first meeting with Sir Joshua was at Streatham in 1778, when he was fifty-five and somewhat deaf. He had brought his two nieces, named Palmer, to dine with Mrs Thrale. Fanny noted: "Sir Joshua I am much pleased with: I like his countenance, and I like his manners; the former I think expressive, soft and sensible; the latter gentle, unassuming and engaging."

Mrs Thrale excited the party considerably by telling them that the author of *Evelina*—as yet anonymous—was at the table with them. Their guesses fell first upon Mrs Thrale herself, and she did not disclaim it. Fanny, questioned in her turn, said that it did not seem the fashion to deny it. Upon which Miss Palmer exclaimed that surely the writer would not deny the sweetest book in the world! Sir Joshua, she said, had not been able to go to bed without finishing it, and "he is sure he shall make love to the author, if ever he meets her, and it should really be a woman!" Yet he had confessed that he should be frightened to death at

being in the company of such a very nice observer.

But to Fanny the supreme moment of this conversation was when Miss Palmer declared, “Mr Burke dotes on it: he began it one morning at seven o’clock, and could not leave it a moment; he sat up all night reading it.”

Only as the guests were leaving the house was the truth revealed. The sequel was a pressing invitation to Fanny to dine at Sir Joshua’s house.

She prefaches her account of this day with “Now to this grand visit.” Sir Joshua, on seeing her nervousness, at once took a chair beside her and set her at her ease by talking rationally, gaily and serenely on a congenial subject—Dr Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*. Before long, however, Fanny had to undergo an introduction to the formidably lively Mrs Cholmondeley. Sir Joshua tried to effect a rescue, telling Mrs Cholmondeley, half gaily, half seriously, that he would not have Fanny overpowered in his house.

“I love Sir Joshua much for this,” writes Fanny, “but Mrs Cholmondeley, turning to him, said with quickness and vehemence: ‘Why, I ain’t going to kill her! don’t be afraid, I shan’t compliment her!’”

Nevertheless poor Fanny had no respite—“Mrs Cholmondeley hunted me quite round the card-table, from chair to chair, repeating various speeches of Madame Duval; and when at last I got behind a sofa, out of her reach, she called

out aloud: 'Polly, Polly! Only think! Miss has danced with a lord!"'

Sir Joshua was obliged to bring up Lord Palmerston to help him to form a bodyguard between the two. Afterwards Fanny, who wrote this account for Susan's reading only, owned that she was not displeased to have Mrs Cholmondeley amongst her admirers.

It was at Sir Joshua's house that Fanny had another introduction which she appreciated very much more, for it was there that she met Edmund Burke for the first time. Sir Joshua's serene and unfailing friendship brought Burke often to his house, which was a refreshing retreat from the turmoil of politics. Burke had not been bred to a political career, and at that time even the man of exceptional gifts found it very hard to win an opening in public life unless he had wealth or influence behind him. Burke, whose father was a solicitor in Dublin, came to London in 1750 to study law. First he turned from law to literature, and had to give up his allowance from his father in consequence. He does not seem to have been reduced to actual poverty, or driven by hack-work into unsociable ways; he mitigated journalism with the study of philosophy, and laid that fine foundation of considered ideals which later on gave such a memorable quality to his oratory. He was often to be seen in the gallery of the House of Commons, listening with deep interest to the debates. In 1756 he published an essay *On the Sublime*

*and Beautiful*, which brought him more literary friends. Hannah More's sister boasted joyfully of an introduction to "the sublime and beautiful Edmund Burke." Soon he met Dr Johnson, at a Christmas dinner at Garrick's house, and the Doctor recognised the high quality of his mind and talk at once. On one occasion he said, "If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'" Dr Johnson considered Burke the only man he knew whose common conversation corresponded with his fame.

Burke was fortunate in securing the appointment of secretary to Lord Rockingham, leader of a section of the Whig party, and Prime Minister for a very short period. Eventually Burke himself was able to enter Parliament. Sir Joshua Reynolds related how, at the Club, Sir John Hawkins expressed surprise at his attaining a seat, upon which Dr Johnson exclaimed: "Now we who know Mr Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country."

In those days the House of Commons had more time and taste for oratory than it has now, and Burke's eloquence, with its foundation of logic and its Irish verve, soon gave him great influence.

It was small wonder that Fanny was fluttered by anxious happiness when, in the days of his highest fame, she found herself seated with him

at Sir Joshua's table. She cannot resist, in writing of it for Susan, a dig at another young lady who confidently tried to claim all Mr Burke's attention for herself. Sir Joshua asked Fanny to sit beside him, “‘And then,’ he added, ‘Mr Burke shall sit on the other side of you.’ ‘O, no, indeed!’ cried Miss Georgiana, who had also placed herself next to Sir Joshua, ‘I won’t consent to that; Mr Burke must sit next *me*; I won’t agree to part with him. Pray come and sit down quiet, Mr Burke.’”

Sir Joshua thereupon introduced Burke and Fanny across the table, and Burke exclaimed: “I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity; however, it did not here deceive me.” “‘Oh, dear, then,’ said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, ‘perhaps you won’t thank me for calling you to this place!’ Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner.” Miss Georgiana had better reason than good-natured Miss Palmer to be a little uneasy in Fanny’s company!

Unfortunately Fanny is completely over-powered by adjectives when she tries to describe Edmund Burke. His figure and address are noble, commanding, graceful; his voice clear, penetrating, sonorous and powerful; his language copious, various and eloquent. In seeking a climax she exclaims: “Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting”; and “his conversation is past all praise.” Its charm, too, was, apparently, past being committed to paper.

In the *Memoirs* there is a pretty little incident. Fanny had accompanied Miss Palmer to call upon Burke at the Treasury:

“Mr Burke presented to Miss Palmer a beautiful inkstand... Miss Palmer... broke out into an exclamation: ‘I am ashamed to take it, Mr Burke! How much more Miss Burney deserves a writing present!’

“‘Miss Burney?’ repeated he, with energy; ‘fine writing tackle for Miss Burney? No, no; she can bestow value on the most ordinary. A morsel of white tea-paper, and a little blacking from her friend Mr Briggs, in a broken gallipot, would be converted by Miss Burney into more worth than all the stationery of all the Treasury.’”

Fanny gives another impression of Burke at a later dinner-party, concluding: “How I wish my dear Susanna and Fredy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even on his own side, must always be excluded; his irritability is so terrible on that theme that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers.”

This is evidence that historians are justified in saying that Burke’s irritability became a serious drawback to him in politics.

At the same dinner a story was told of how Charles Fox, on seeing in a book by Burke that events had justified him in forming a certain judgment with which Fox had disagreed,

exclaimed: "Well, Burke is right!—but Burke is often right—only he is right *too soon!*"

After dinner Fanny noticed that Burke took up a volume of Boileau and began to read aloud to himself, a not uncommon habit of his, until he seemed to forget that he was not alone.

At Sir Joshua Reynolds' house Fanny also met Gibbon, the historian, but here she only gives a somewhat unkind description of his personal appearance: "Mr Gibbon has cheeks of such prodigious chubbiness that they envelope his nose so completely, as to render it, in profile, absolutely invisible. His look and manner are placidly mild, but rather effeminate; his voice... is gentle, but of studied precision of accent. Yet, with these Brobdi[n]gnatious cheeks, his neat little feet are of a miniature description; and with these, as soon as I turned round, he hastily described a quaint sort of circle, with small quick steps, and a dapper gait..." and finally achieved a singularly profound bow, but did not follow up his gallant advance with even a single word! "He boasted, however, that he had read the five volumes of 'Cecilia' in one day, whereas Burke had taken three."

Another meeting which fluttered Fanny considerably was with Sheridan. He arrived at a blue party where Mrs Cholmondeley was mimicking Mrs Vesey and driving her guests to sit back to back. She gaily told Sheridan that this was a hint for a comedy. Fanny immediately drew back her chair and began to observe. She

liked what she saw, and wrote afterwards: "His appearance and address are at once manly and fashionable, without the smallest tincture of foppery or modish graces. In short, I like him vastly, and think him every way worthy his beautiful companion.... By all I could observe in the course of the evening, and we stayed very late, they are extremely happy in each other: he evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolises him. The world has by no means done him justice."

Of Mrs Sheridan—one of the lovely Miss Linleys of Bath, whose singing had begun to attract much attention just before her romantic, runaway marriage—Fanny had written earlier that she was absolutely charmed at the sight of her. Mrs Sheridan was painted by Gainsborough and Hoppner, and by Sir Joshua Reynolds as Saint Cecilia.

Sheridan, for his part, soon sought Fanny's father and asked if he had no older daughters—"Can this possibly be the author of *Evelina*?"

Dr Burney said an introduction would be a very formidable thing to Fanny, so Sheridan approached her without one, and told her he had "long expected to see in Miss Burney a lady of the gravest appearance, with the quickest parts."

Very soon, instigated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was pressing Fanny to write a comedy for him to produce, and asked what she was about now. Fanny, whose diffidence seldom upset her

self-possession for long, replied wilfully “Why, twirling my fan, I think!”

The suggestion, however, bore fruit in a comedy called *The Witlings*. It was never offered to Sheridan because Mr Crisp, who was most anxious that Fanny should never do less than her best, advised her to suppress it.

With a profusion of adjectives (especially in the later style of the *Memoirs of Dr Burney*), Fanny gives other glimpses of men and women whose names were great then and are still great now. There are touches of rare vivacity in her pictures, and where she becomes too ornate or too fulsome for modern taste she is but reflecting a common tendency of the period to which she and they belonged.

## CHAPTER X

### MRS DELANY: HORACE WALPOLE: GEORGE III

“**S**HE was a lady of singular ingenuity and politeness”—this opening sentence of the Bishop of Worcester’s epitaph on Mrs Delany is in harmony with the ideals of her generation. The Bishop continued “and of unaffected piety”; but it is clear that it was as an exponent of the art of living with graceful propriety—Lady Propriety as she herself described this comprehensive virtue—that Mrs Delany became one of the great figures of eighteenth-century society.

The word ‘ingenuity’ fits both her and the period, with its studied graces. Ingenuity, as practised by Mrs Delany, meant a discreet graciousness in society, a nicety of household management at home, a “cultivated understanding,” and a restrained beauty of dress, which never violated the maxim of her youth that to be *extravagantly* in the fashion was vulgar. Her fingers were literally ingenious; in her the fashionable habit of making little knick-knacks really approached art. Her fine embroideries, her delicate work with shells, the mosaic flowers of her old age, cut with the utmost fineness from stained paper of every shade, were warmly admired by the ladies of her day, and delighted

the Queen. The flower work was praised for its correctness by Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist, and for its beauty by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Albums of these delicate mosaics, over which George III and his Queen, and many of the “old wits” and “elegant associates” who gathered round Mrs Delany’s tea-table once bent in affectionate admiration, may still be seen by asking for Mrs Delany’s flowers at the Print Room in the British Museum.

Although Mrs Delany came of a noble family—the Granvilles—it was her personality which made her the perfect example of a “real fine lady,” to whom Edmund Burke “always looked up, as the model of an accomplished woman of former times.”

Circumstances were not kind to Mary Granville. At seventeen, her uncle, Lord Lansdowne, persuaded her, by what she called the tyranny of kindness, to marry a Cornish gentleman, Mr Pendarves, who was forty years older than herself and without any endearing qualities, except a little respect for her during the two years that he kept his love of wine in check for her sake. In his remote Cornish castle, which seemed to her more barbarous than picturesque—all the windows were above the level of her head—she spent the greater part of seven years, under jealous supervision. When her husband died suddenly, it was found that he had not carried out his professed intention to settle his estate on her.



MRS DELANY



She returned to her friends in London, and found an unaffected pleasure in social ceremony and beautiful dress—those were days of rich satins, stiff with embroidery in gold and silver and all gay colours, of wonderful jewelled fruits and flowers for the high piles of powdered hair, of stuffs with attractive names, such as lute-string, tiffany, dimity and paduasoy. Mrs Delany however cared for more than the brilliant show of society; she became, in Fanny's phrase, a spirited observer of life and manners, and helped to bring good conversation into fashion.

She had a number of suitors, but did not care to marry again for nineteen years, when she gave a courageous proof that, although so much at home in the fashionable world, she was unspoiled at heart. Despite the protests of her brother, and the first disappointment of her mother, she then married an Irish clergyman and scholar—Dr Patrick Delany—to whom she had been introduced by Dean Swift. Dr Delany became Dean of Down, and for twenty-five years they had a serene, congenial life, with a house and *ménage* that were charming without being pretentious, pleasant activities at home and regular visits to London.

It was when Mrs Delany was again a widow, and had settled in London to be near her dear friend the Duchess of Portland, that Fanny Burney was introduced to her by Mrs Chapone.

Fanny went to see Mrs Delany prepared with reverence—always ready in her where her

discernment allowed it—and soon confessed that every time she saw the gracious old lady she felt herself to love even more than she admired. Her appreciation of the condescension of the two models of “female excellence of the days that were passed”—Mrs Delany and the Duchess of Portland—seems fulsome to-day, but it was nevertheless quite sincere.

Fanny enjoyed playing handmaid to Mrs Delany and the “old wits” who came to her house. Amongst them was Horace Walpole, who often called to “recreate his quaint humour” there, and was polite and gay, though irresistibly sarcastic.

There, too, Owen Cambridge and Soame Jenyns, famed as *littérateurs* and wits of the old school, brought their well-seasoned raillery. Soame Jenyns had already sought an introduction to Fanny, and had done her honour by appearing full dressed in a court suit of apricot-coloured silk, lined with white satin; but as he and she were left to compliment one another in a space large enough for dancing three or four cotillions, while interested listeners were ranged round the wainscot, Fanny had scarcely managed to speak.

Fanny and her father paid a visit of some days to Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, which provided a feast of “elegant apartments” and beautiful grounds, of pictures and rare books. Horace Walpole told them stories of the great lady of a French salon—Madame du Deffand—

as he fondled the tiny lap-dog which had been her pet; on one occasion he brought out a portfolio which contained portraits of every person mentioned in the Letters of Madame de Sévigné.

The courtly Walpole—afterwards Earl of Orford—and the nice observer Fanny were both committing lively pictures of their day to letters, which have since become famous. Fanny's account of him is completed with even more than her ordinary gush of adjectives:

“He was scrupulously, and even elaborately, well-bred; fearing, perhaps, from his conscious turn to sarcasm, that if he suffered himself to be unguarded, he might utter expressions more amusing to be recounted aside, than agreeable to be received in front. He was a witty, sarcastic, ingenious, deeply-thinking, highly-cultivated, quaint, though evermore gallant and romantic, though very mundane, old bachelor of other days.”

She further confesses that animal spirits were out of place at Strawberry Hill.

This visit was one of the last Fanny made before she submitted herself to the restrictions of Court life. Her introduction to the Queen took place in Mrs Delany's drawing-room at Windsor. The King, on hearing that the death of the Duchess of Portland had taken from Mrs Delany the one country house where she had cared to spend her summer, insisted on giving her a house at Windsor, close to the Queen's

Lodge. He himself gave orders for it to be fitted up, complete even to a store of jams and pickles, and offered a pension to Mrs Delany at the same time.

Here Fanny came to stay with her friend. She knew she must brace herself for an introduction to royalty, and a little incident which endeared the Queen to her made it almost possible to look forward to the first meeting. Mrs Delany had only accepted one souvenir of her beloved Duchess of Portland—a favourite African bird. While Mrs Delany was kept upstairs by illness the bird died, and her great-niece—Mary Port—and Fanny scarcely knew how to break it to her. The Queen heard of their distress, and immediately sent a bird of her own, in a fine cage, but suggested that if it was sufficiently like the old favourite it should be put into Mrs Delany's empty cage. This was not possible, but the Queen's kind thought in sending one of her own birds was a comfort to the old lady.

The first meeting with royalty was unexpected when it did come. Fanny was teaching Mrs Delany's small great-niece some Christmas games, in which Mary Port and the child's father joined, and all were in confusion in the middle of the room, when—

“The door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking. A ghost could not more have

scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P—, turning round, exclaimed, 'the King!—Aunt, the King!' O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape? ... Everyone scampered out of the way...and Mrs Delany advanced to meet His Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did.... I had now retreated to the wall, and proposed gliding softly though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs Delany, said, 'Is that Miss Burney?'—and on her answering, 'Yes, sir,' he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me."

Only one question—about the length of Fanny's visit—followed this approach, as the King was anxious to give Mrs Delany an account of Princess Elizabeth, who had been ill and was now trying James's Powders. She had been blooded, he said, twelve times in this last fortnight, and had lost seventy-five ounces of blood, besides undergoing blistering and other discipline.

Mrs Delany was much concerned. Meanwhile the King kept Fanny under observation, and when she seemed at ease once more he asked:

"‘Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too?’

“The ‘too’ was pronounced very civilly.

“‘I believe not, sir,’ answered Mrs Delany; ‘at least she does not tell.’

“‘Oh!’ cried he, laughing, ‘that’s nothing! She is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know! Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book.’...

“Then coming close up to me, he said—

“‘But what?—what?—how was it?’

“‘Sir,’ cried I, not well understanding him.

“‘How came you—how happened it?—what?—what?’

“‘I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd, idle hours.’

“‘But your publishing—your printing—how was that?’

“‘That was only, sir—only because—’

“I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story.... The *What!* was then repeated with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered—

“‘I thought—sir—it would look very well in print!’

“I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made!...

“He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out—

“‘Very fair indeed! that’s being very fair and honest!’”

Presently a violent thundering at the door

announced the Queen. Fanny again longed to escape, but remembered that no one who had been spoken to must leave the royal presence, unless motioned to do so.

The King and Queen evidently considered that talk of books and plays was the proper compliment to pay Miss Burney, and both of them were conscientiously well-read. This was not so with poor Fanny herself, who had had no regular education, and took up her pen and her journal much more readily than a book. She was often embarrassed by having to own that she had not yet read this or that. On one occasion the King gave her his views on plays, and specified several, but Fanny had read none of them, and, consequently, could say nothing about the matter, till, at last, he came to Shakespeare.

“‘Was there ever,’ cried he, ‘such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff?—What?—what?’

“‘Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that—’

“‘Oh!’ cried he, laughing good-humouredly, ‘I know it is not to be said! but it’s true. Only it’s Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him.’

“Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing, exclaiming—‘But one should be stoned for saying so!’”

This opinion did not prevent George III from knowing Shakespeare's plays well, and he enjoyed provoking literary discussion.

During these informal talks in Mrs Delany's drawing-room the Queen came to the conclusion that there was nothing dangerous about Miss Burney, and that it would be a graceful act to distinguish the little authoress by taking her into her own service at Court. Probably she also hoped by this means to add a literary touch to her hours of privacy, and she certainly thought that the Princesses would benefit by Fanny's society. When the first overture was made—through a third person—Fanny drew back in dismay; she told Susan that she knew at once that at Court she could never find the happiness adapted to her taste. The first premonition that she was not to escape came when she saw how mortified both her dear Mrs Delany and the messenger from the Queen were even at a moment's hesitation on her part.

## CHAPTER XI

### EVERYDAY LIFE AT COURT

DR BURNEY'S unaffected delight at the honour the Queen had paid to his daughter made Fanny feel that she could not disappoint both him and her revered Mrs Delany, and perhaps sacrifice opportunities of being helpful to her family. Accordingly she was installed as second keeper of the robes, and found herself in possession of a pleasant drawing-room, with bedroom opening from it, in the Queen's Lodge at Windsor, a footman at her own command, and an allowance of £200 a year.

No misgiving seems to have troubled Dr Burney until he saw Fanny's distress on arriving at Windsor to take up her duties. A short interview with the Queen, who received her as though she were a visitor, relieved her a little, and she set herself to send her father away happy. "Thank God!" she wrote, "I had the fullest success; his hopes and gay expectations were all within call, and they ran back at the first beckoning." To Susan she wrote:

"I am *married*, my dearest Susan, I look upon it in that light—I was averse to forming the union...but my friends...prevailed—and the knot is tied. What, then, now remains but to make the best wife in my power?"

For a little while the Queen was considerably

careful to give Fanny no other trial than merely standing in her presence. After a few days, however, her life fell into a pretty regular routine, which she describes in detail:

“I rise at six o’clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight.

“The Queen never sends for me until her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well.

“Mrs Schwellenberg” (the first keeper of the robes, who had come with the Queen from Germany) “since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen’s dress is finished by Mrs Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. ’Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief.

“By eight o’clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King’s Chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses, and the King’s equerry....

“I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the

day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it....At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the Royal Family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show or finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable."

When her rummages and business could be disposed of quickly, Fanny found time for letter-writing or even a morning walk. Two days a week her free time was cut short because the Queen required attendance for the curling and craping of her hair. Fanny's programme continues:

"A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation.

"When she observes that I have run to her but half-dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If

she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud." (A touching concession to Fanny's literary tastes!)

Fanny always returned from completing her own dress to see the Queen again after she had gone from the powdering-closet to her state dressing-room. This was usually about three o'clock, and the next two hours were at Fanny's own disposal. At five o'clock came dinner with Mrs Schwellenberg and any visitor she might ask—Fanny felt that she lost any right she might have had to invite visitors herself, through want of courage and spirits to claim it originally.

The two ladies then had coffee in Mrs Schwellenberg's drawing-room; meanwhile the King and the other members of the Royal Family paraded on the terrace, with a band playing, a ceremony which was generally attended by a number of visitors.

At eight o'clock the ladies were expected to make tea for the equerries and any gentlemen visitors whom the King and Queen might have invited to attend the King's evening concert.

From nine to eleven o'clock Fanny passed wearily in the sole company of Mrs Schwellen-

berg; at eleven o'clock came a little supper, and then the last attendance on the Queen, which usually took from twenty to thirty minutes.

Poor Fanny was ill-qualified to take pleasure in her duties. She had no *flair* for clothes—dress is seldom mentioned in her novels, and in all her voluminous journals there is not a single description of a state costume, though she must have seen and handled many beautiful dresses at Court. Mrs Delany, in her place, would have indulged in artistic descriptions, and made the rich stuffs and intricate embroideries glow in the imagination of her readers.

Her very ineptitude made it necessary for the conscientious Fanny to give anxious hours to her dress, many of which skill could have saved her. Her old friend, Mr Cambridge, had teased her for this before she went to Court—Miss Burney, he had said, had no time to write, for she was always working at her clothes.

At first, in spite of her painstaking efforts, Fanny was sometimes found wanting. On the twenty-first birthday of the Princess Royal Fanny was present when greetings and presents were offered by all the younger Princesses, ending with the little Princess Amelia, aged three:

“Princess Amelia showed how fine she was, and made the Queen admire her new coat and frock; she then examined all the new dresses of her sisters, and then, looking towards me with some surprise, exclaimed, ‘And won’t Miss Burney be fine too?’

"I shall not easily forget this little innocent lesson. It seems all the household dress twice on these birthdays—for their first appearance, and for dinner—and always in something distinguished. I knew it not, and had simply prepared for my second attire only, wearing in the morning my usual white dimity great coat."

It is not surprising that Fanny soon recorded wearily in her diary: "Toilette should be spelled without the 'ette.'"

A more serious burden was the necessity of spending so many hours with Mrs Schwellenberg, who regarded it as part of Fanny's duty to amuse her. Conversation could not but be trying, with a lady who felt herself a little insulted in being expected to make a companion of an upstart novelist!

On one occasion she exclaimed in Fanny's presence: "I won't have nothing what you call novels, what you call romances, what you call histories—I might not read such what you call stuff—not I!"

In every respect Mrs Schwellenberg treated Fanny as an inferior and a dependant. One of the worst trials was to be invited to drive with her in her coach in the winter. A kindly equerry, who was not yet broken in to the Spartan disregard of cold and draughts required at Court, pressed the ladies to take some wine before starting—

"Come, ma'am," he cried cheerily to Mrs

Schwellenberg, "do something eccentric for once—it will warm you!"

"She angrily answered 'You been reely—what you call—too much hospital!'... At length we took our miserable airing... She would have the glass down on my side; the piercing wind cut my face; I put up my muff to it: this incensed her so much that she vehemently declared 'she never, *no never*, would trubble any won to air with her again, but go always selfs.'"

On another occasion Fanny was to drive with Mrs Schwellenberg from Kew to town, and again the open window was insisted upon, and all objections were cut short with a triumphant—"Put it down when I tell you! It is my coach! I will have it selfs! I might go alone in it, or with one, or with what you call nobody, when I please!"

Amongst the few things that Mrs Schwellenberg cared about, beyond her royal mistress's wardrobe, were a pair of pet frogs, and a game of cards. Fanny was kept at long games, for which she had no taste and little skill—but they were, perhaps, more bearable than two weary hours of conversation, as they waited for their summons when the Queen came up to bed.

Fortunately, the society of the equerries was more congenial. It was possible to have easy and natural conversation with Major Price, and Colonel Goldsworthy was, at times, extremely diverting, and always grateful for the peaceful half-hour at the tea-table. He prepared Fanny

for the rigours of the winter at Windsor, declaring that there was wind enough in the passages to carry a man-of-war! She must on no account, he told her, attend early prayers after October; the Queen and the Princesses and their attendants begin to cough and snuffle, and drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles, until "not a soul goes to the chapel but the King, the parson and myself; and there we three freeze it out, together."

Colonel Goldsworthy did rueful justice to King George's austerity. After a hard day's hunting with His Majesty he unburdened himself at the ladies' tea-table:

"‘After all the labours,’ cried he, ‘of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the—with your favour, ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—the perspiration,—and—and all that—after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates...from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us, sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! And then, after all this, what do you think follows?—‘Here, Goldsworthy,’ cries his Majesty...Expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, ‘Here, Goldsworthy, I say!’ he cries, ‘will you have a little barley water?’’”

And the equerry had to watch the King take some himself—"in a jug fit for a sick-room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney, for some poor miserable soul that keeps his bed!"

Fanny's regrets for the loss of the literary society she had been used to were considerably softened when Colonel Digby—called Mr Fairly in the diary—came into residence at Windsor. She responded at once to the intellectual quality which she found even in the melancholy and moralising into which he had fallen since his wife's death. He had a habit of coming up to see what she was reading, which reminded her of Dr Johnson; he could not see a binding without wishing to know the title of the book. He introduced her to books and poetry that were new to her, and read favourite passages aloud, a little nervous all the time lest they should be surprised at this—"We must not be called two blue-stockings!" Soon he became equal to adding to the liveliness of the daily round. If Fanny had been writing a story, instead of the diary of an actual life, we should here prepare for a romance. As it is, when Mr Fairly begins to talk of "an affection...so pure, so free from alloy, that one is tempted to wonder, without deeply considering, why it should not be permanent, why it should be vain," we can only agree with Fanny's sensible comment that "he was altogether rather obscure."

Not long afterwards he married one of the

beautiful Gunning family, the “Miss Fuzilier” of the diary.

Fortunately Fanny was not entirely dependent on her Court companions for society; she saw Mrs Delany and Mary Port often, other friends came to see her, and occasionally she had the indulgence of a day’s freedom, to re-visit her old world.

## CHAPTER XII

### QUEEN CHARLOTTE: THE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES

FANNY'S picture of Queen Charlotte is a gracious one; the main impression, however, is that of a woman of genuine dignity, whose sense of duty stamped her whole character. Perhaps she had a little of Hannah More's insistence on a standard of conduct that was almost impracticable for those who had to mix more familiarly with the world. At Windsor George III and his Queen conscientiously carried out a routine of simplicity and regularity that would scarcely have been possible in an ordinary family, less protected from disturbing circumstances.

The Windsor scenes sketched in Mrs Delany's letters and in Fanny's diary are very pleasing. The young Princes and Princesses dance together, until the King considerately suggests that musicians playing wind instruments need a rest from time to time; one of the Princes brings Mrs Delany a chair; the Princess Royal insists on holding her mother's snuff-box while Fanny fills it, and takes leave with "as elegant civility of manner as if parting with another King's daughter"; the King himself carries the latest darling of the family—Prince Octavius or the baby Princess Amelia—to be duly admired by Mrs Delany.

Yet the Princes early shook off the leading strings, and plunged impatiently into the excitements of outside life. The Prince of Wales, in particular, threw off both the habits and the politics to which he had been trained, became a connoisseur in fashion and pleasure, and presided so splendidly over an expensive establishment that he was called the First Gentleman in Europe. This was a sore trial to Queen Charlotte, who, coming from Germany at seventeen to stately isolation in the English Court, never lost the well-ordered simplicity in which she had been brought up. Fanny's narrative shows us many glimpses of this almost child-like quality beneath the Queen's dignity.

It was said that the young George III asked for the hand of Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz because he had seen a letter she had written, and admired the propriety of her ideas and the neatness of her hand-writing. Thackeray makes the most of the story:

“They say the little Princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies’ conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. ‘Who will take such a poor little princess as me?’ Charlotte said to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman’s horn sounded,

and Ida said 'Princess! there is the sweetheart.' As she said, so it actually turned out."<sup>1</sup>

The Queen told Mrs Delany and Fanny that her parents had made her a member of a Protestant nunnery, intended for young ladies of little fortune and high birth; residence there was not hard, as the Queen explained—"they have balls, not at home, but next door." However, Princess Charlotte never went to her nunnery.

Afterwards she told Fanny something of her first days in England:

"She told me, with the sweetest grace imaginable, how well she liked at first her jewels and ornaments as Queen—'But how soon,' cried she, 'was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week—a fortnight at most—and to return no more! I thought at first I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them—believe me, ma'am, in a fortnight's time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more.'"

She continued that she had never loved dress and show, nor received the smallest pleasure from anything in her appearance except neatness and comfort; even in that first pride in her royal jewels her eyes alone were dazzled, not her mind.

The same dutiful earnestness showed itself in all her activities. She took lessons, from time to time, from each of her children's tutors and

<sup>1</sup> *The Four Georges.*

governesses—"so indefatigable and humble," Fanny said, "is her love of knowledge." She was well-read, but confessed humanly: "They write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on, and one cannot help it. Oh, I am very angry sometimes at that!"

Queen Charlotte was kind and considerate within the limits of her high ideas of what duty demanded of herself and others; she was indefatigable in more than the love of knowledge, and Fanny bemoaned that "illness here—till of late—has been so unknown, that it is commonly supposed it must be wilful, and therefore meets with little notice, till accompanied by danger, or incapacity of duty."

The Princes do not enter much into Fanny's narrative. On one occasion the Duke of York, his father's favourite, proposed to visit his parents at Cheltenham and the King had a special wooden pavilion built to accommodate his suite, but the Duke would only spare one night. Mr Fairly was set wondering how the Princes, who were thus forced to steal even their travelling from their sleep, found time to say their prayers.

Prince William—afterwards William IV—figures best in Fanny's diary, in spite of the fact that once he forced her to drink champagne, bringing his fist down on the table with an oath when she tried to refuse. Fanny could excuse the royal sailor, who had greeted her with

energetic good-will when he first found her at Court:

“Mrs Schwellenberg suddenly said, ‘Miss Berner, now you might see his Royal Highness; you wanted it so much, and now you might do it. Your Royal Highness, that is Miss Berner.’

“He rose very civilly, and bowed, to this strange freak of introduction: and, of course, I rose and curtseyed low, and waited his commands to sit again; which were given instantly, with great courtesy.

“‘Ma’am,’ cried he, ‘you have a brother in the service?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ I answered, much pleased with this professional attention. He had not, he civilly said, the pleasure to know him, but he had heard of him.”

The Prince’s thoughts then flew to Fanny’s predecessor, Mrs Haggerdorn, who had been a familiar figure of his childhood.

“‘Pray,’ cried he, ‘what is become of Mrs—Mrs—Mrs Hogentot?’

“‘O, your Royal Highness!’ cried Mrs Schwellenberg, stifling much offence, ‘do you mean the poor Haggerdorn? O, your Royal Highness, have you forgot her?’

“‘I have, upon my word,’ cried he plumply, ‘upon my soul, I have!’ Then, turning again to me, ‘I am very happy ma’am,’ he cried, ‘to see you here; it gives me great pleasure the Queen should appoint the sister of a sea-officer to so eligible a situation. As long as she has a brother in the service, ma’am,’ cried he to

Mrs Schwellenberg, 'I look upon her as one of us. Oh, 'faith I do! I do indeed! she is one of the corps.'"

When Fanny writes of the Princesses the charm she claims for them really does live in her pages. She even conveys some idea of the individuality of each of the six sisters. The Princess Royal is dignified, with a stateliness even in her condescension; we can well believe she made an excellent wife and Queen to the widower Prince of Wurtemberg. Queen Charlotte herself expressed admiration for the steadiness with which she carried out the long task of sewing every stitch in her wedding dress herself.

Princess Augusta had many of the traits that are noticeable in Queen Charlotte. Fanny's most characteristic picture of her is the account of a visit to her dressing-room, after Fanny had become Madame d'Arblay.

The Princess was having her hair dressed before going to the play, and Fanny was struck by her readiness to turn from the glass, and take far more interest in conversation than in her toilette:

"She let the hair-dresser proceed upon her head without comment and without examination, just as if it was solely his affair; and when the man, Robinson, humbly begged to know what ornaments he was to prepare the hair for, she said, 'Oh there are my feathers, and my gown is blue, so take what you think right.' And when

THE ROYAL FAMILY





he begged she would say whether she would have any ribbons or other things mixed with the feathers and jewels, she said, 'you understand all that best, Mr Robinson, I'm sure; there are the things, so take just what you please.'"

Princess Augusta meanwhile was giving Fanny a lively account of her sister's wedding, and how they dare not trust her to follow her own ideas of dress:

"'Twas the Queen dressed her!... Mamma said, 'Now, really, Princess Royal, this one time is the last, and I cannot suffer you to make such a quiz of yourself; so I will really have you dressed properly.' And indeed the Queen was quite right, for everybody said she had never looked so well in her life."

Fanny conscientiously adds: "The word 'quiz,' you may depend, was never the Queen's."

Princess Elizabeth was the artistic member of the family, whose room Fanny found the most elegantly and fancifully furnished of any in the Lodge. This Princess also wrote poetry and made designs for engravings to illustrate a poem of her own called "The Birth of Love." She took a particular interest in Fanny's writing, and gleefully reported to her the King's approval of the dedication of *Camilla*, Princess Mary adding, to increase the triumph, that His Majesty was very difficult to please.

The Princesses Mary and Sophia are less distinct figures in Fanny's story, but they play their parts in the various incidents which show

the charming manners of all the Princesses. Even the little Amelia, at three years old, had learned to turn in a moment from natural baby play to "appear *en princesse* to any strangers." Behaviour *en princesse* at the Queen's Lodge meant graceful curtseys and a pretty air of dignity.

As baby of the long family, Princess Amelia was perhaps a little more indulged than her sisters. The King could never resist her, and once carried her himself to Fanny's room because she could not be happy to go to bed unless Miss Burney took her. There is one little scene in which Princess Amelia had persuaded her nurse to bring her to call on Fanny at her tea-table, where she had guests. Fanny and Mr Smelt improvised a splendid game, in which the Princess drove round the room in a pretence phaeton, calling upon Mrs Delany and other guests:

"In the midst of this frolicking, which at times was rather noisy, by Mr Smelt's choosing to represent a restive horse, the King entered! We all stopped short, guests, hosts and horses; and all, with equal celerity, retreated, making the usual circle for his Majesty to move in."

Princess Amelia was soon impatient of the interruption, and clamoured for the game to go on, in spite of Fanny's anxious efforts to hush her. At last Fanny whispered, "We shall disturb the King, ma'am!" On this "she flew instantly to his Majesty, who was in earnest

discourse with Mr Smelt, and called out  
'Papa, go!'

"'What?' cried the King.

"'Go! papa,—you must go!' repeated she  
eagerly.

"The King took her up in his arms and began  
kissing and playing with her; she strove with all  
her might to disengage herself, calling aloud  
'Miss Burney! Miss Burney! take me!—come,  
I say, Miss Burney!'"

Fortunately at this moment the King set her  
down, and soon went away.

Many parades on the terrace at Windsor are  
mentioned, but the prettiest scene there was on  
Princess Amelia's fourth birthday. Mrs Delany  
wished to pay her respects by being present, as  
the custom was on birthdays, and Fanny arranged  
to be with her.

"It was really a mighty procession. The little  
Princess, just turned of three years old, in a  
robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed  
close cap, white gloves and a fan, walked on  
alone and first, highly delighted in the parade,  
and turning from side to side to see everybody  
as she passed: for all the terracers stand up  
against the walls, to make a clear passage for the  
Royal Family, the moment they come in sight.  
Then followed the King and Queen, no less  
delighted themselves with the joy of their little  
darling. The Princess Royal, leaning on Lady  
Elizabeth Waldegrave, followed at a little  
distance.

“This Princess, the second female in the kingdom, shows, I think, more marked respect and humility towards the King and Queen than any of the family.”

There follows a list of the other Princesses and their attendants. The King stopped to greet Mrs Delany, and the little Princess did the same, “and she then,” Fanny relates with pleasure, “with a look of inquiry and recollection, slowly, of her own accord, came behind Mrs Delany to look at me. ‘I am afraid,’ said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, ‘your Royal Highness does not remember me?’

“What think you was her answer? An arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me. I could not resist so innocent an invitation; but the moment I had accepted it, I was half afraid it might seem, in so public a place, an improper liberty: however, there was no help for it. She then took my fan, and having looked at it on both sides, gravely returned it to me, saying, ‘O! a brown fan!’

“The King and Queen then bid her curtsey to Mrs Delany, which she did most gracefully, and they all moved on; each of the Princesses speaking to Mrs Delany as they passed, and condescending to curtsey to her companion.”

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS: WINDHAM, BURKE & SHERIDAN

THE dramatic trial of Warren Hastings for oppression in India, where, as Governor-General of Bengal, he had ruled like an Emperor, greatly stirred the imagination of his contemporaries. They were accustomed to see men come home from India with vast fortunes, and that the Governor who had given to British power there a force which could scarcely have been foreseen should be impeached by the House of Commons, and publicly tried in Westminster Hall, was almost beyond belief. The trial opened on 13th February 1788, with the leading orators of the Commons—Burke, Fox and Sheridan—arrayed against Hastings. It dragged on for seven years, and ended in the acquittal of Hastings. It had, however, provided a great demonstration that henceforth the administration of India was to be regarded from the standpoint of English justice.

Fanny Burney attended this famous trial on all the important days, generally by the special favour of the Queen. She was deeply interested, but the fact that she knew and liked Warren Hastings in private life made it grievous to her to see Burke on the side of the prosecution.

On the opening day Fanny left Windsor

early, fortified by a pocketful of cakes, expressly sent from the Queen's breakfast-table! She and her brother were at Westminster Hall before ten o'clock, and were entertained by a neighbour who could name all the people of distinction as they entered—all the great world was there—and, moreover, even vouchsafed that she could answer questions about members of the House of Commons! These she pointed out *en bloc* as “all those creatures that filled the green benches, looking so little like gentlemen and so much like hair-dressers.”

At twelve o'clock the procession entered, Burke leading the managers of the prosecution, with a scroll in his hand and a severe expression on his face. There followed other leading statesmen—Fox, Sheridan and Windham—and after prosecutors and lawyers came peers, bishops and officers, all in their coronation robes, and finally five Princes and the Chancellor. The moment when Warren Hastings was summoned to appear was very painful to Fanny. As she describes it:

“He came forth from some place immediately under the Great Chamberlain's box, and was preceded by Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod; and at each side of him walked his Bails, Messrs Sullivan and Sumner. The moment he came in sight, which was not for full ten minutes after his awful summons, he made a low bow to the Chancellor and Court facing him.... He moved on slowly, and, I think, supported between his two Bails, to the opening

of his own box; there, lower still, he bowed again; and then, advancing to the bar, he leant his hands upon it, and dropped on his knees; but a voice at the same moment proclaiming he had leave to rise, he stood up almost instantaneously, and a third time profoundly bowed to the Court."

Even Windham, one of the managers of the prosecution, owned to Fanny that the formality of kneeling at the bar was "a humiliation not to be wished or defended... so unlike the practices of the times, so repugnant from a gentleman to a gentleman, that I myself looked another way: it hurt me, and I wished it dispensed with."

The trial opened with a reading of the general charges from a scroll, oratory was reserved for a later stage. Fanny sat shrinking in her gallery, equally anxious not to be seen by Warren Hastings or to attract notice from the managers' box. A quiet, nervous little lady she must have appeared, surrounded by people of the fashionable world; but her attendance at the trial was not to pass unnoticed; on this first day Windham left the managers' box to seek her out, and eventually Sheridan and Burke himself came to speak to her.

To Windham, Fanny courageously owned that her sympathy was with Hastings; she refused to hear him dismissed as cruel, insolent and rapacious without testifying that in private life she had seen him considerate, kind and even gentle. She felt instinctively that Windham

would not close his mind against every good impression, she credited him with a noble way of thinking. She had only met him twice before—at Miss Monckton's assemblies—but when he came to her side in Westminster Hall she thought at once that here was a fellow-disciple of Dr Johnson. In particular she remembered how when Dr Johnson was taken ill at Lichfield, and not fit to travel in a stage coach, Windham drove off from London in his own carriage to offer to bring him back to town in it at any time he liked to fix. Fanny found this devotion to an old and dignified philosopher very graceful in a young man of fashion.

There was evidently a special grace about Windham—a high standard of honour, a love of letters, brilliant readiness in talk, an air of fashion, all had a part in it. Burke, on hearing someone remark that Windham was too thin, interrupted impatiently: “He is just as he should be! If I were Windham this minute, I should not wish to be thinner, nor fatter, nor taller, nor shorter, nor in any way, nor in any thing, altered.”

Windham surveyed Westminster Hall anew from Fanny's side, making a running commentary on Chancellor, Archbishops, the Speaker and others. He had evidently forborne to look at Hastings from the managers' box, and when his eye now fell on him Fanny saw that—

“The expression of his face instantly lost the gaiety and ease with which it had addressed

me.... He suddenly exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, from an impulse irresistible—‘What a sight is that! to see that man... enclosed now in that little space, brought to that Bar, a prisoner in a spot six foot square—and to reflect on his late power! Nations at his command! Princes prostrate at his feet!—What a change! how must he feel it!’”

Yet, though Windham allowed Fanny to forget that he was a *Committee-man* and to say things in Hastings’ favour not fit for a *Committee-man* to hear, he still maintained that Fanny must be converted, and that she would be when she heard Burke take up the charges against him.

Fanny returned to Westminster Hall to hear Burke; she was almost overwhelmed by “the whirlwind of his eloquence,” but shocked by his rancour. When Windham came to her again to see whether she was converted, all her praise was for the oratory alone, and she was grateful that he had the tact to accept it just as she offered it, without pressing her further.

Even her constitutional diffidence could not betray Fanny into any action which was against her principles. In this trial not only was her personal sympathy with Hastings, but she believed it was all staged and manœuvred for party objects. So with gentle firmness she refused refreshments offered her by Windham, who probably little suspected that she expressed it to herself that she would not break bread with him

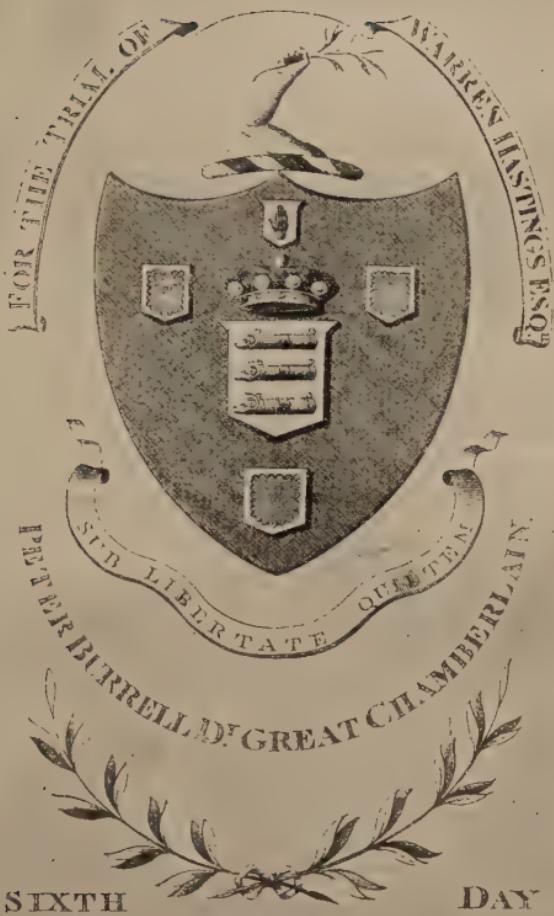
while he was a leader in a cause she felt to be wrong. The same indomitable sincerity nerved her to leave the gallery precipitately when she saw Burke approaching. Windham had turned to her with a congratulatory glance when he saw "the orator of the day, and of the cause" advancing to her. But all the response Burke's bow, delivered "with marked civility of manner," met with from Fanny was a "curtsey the most ungrateful, distant and cold," for which she herself was grieving at heart as she made it.

Sheridan she could not altogether escape, when he begged Lady Crewe to introduce him, explaining his fear that Fanny had forgotten him. True to principle, Fanny was cold to him, though she deigned to be civil. Even when he asked whether she had not a play to send him, her pulse was not quickened.

Fanny heard Fox and other speakers, but when feeling began to run in favour of Hastings she and her brother James expressed themselves as quite delighted with such a happy catastrophe.

At the opening of Hastings' defence she had a moving little scene to record. He began with a simple, concise, and most interesting statement of facts, but when he came to particular persons he was warmer, and spoke sharply of Pitt's part as Prime Minister in the movement against him:

"Here Mr Fox, artfully enough, interrupted him, to say the King's Ministers were not to be



John Ord M<sup>rs</sup> in Chancery



FANNY'S TICKET FOR THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS



arraigned for what passed in the House of Parliament.

“Mr Burke rose also to enter his protest.

“But Mr Hastings then lost his patience and his temper: he would not suffer the interruption; he had never, he said, interrupted their long speeches; and when Mr Burke again attempted to speak, Mr Hastings, in an impassioned but affecting manner, extended his arms, and called out loudly, ‘I throw myself upon the protection of your Lordships!—I am not used to public speaking, and cannot answer them; what I wish to submit to your Lordships I have committed to paper; but, if I am punished for what I say, I must insist upon being heard! I call upon you, my Lords, to protect me from this violence!’

“This animated appeal prevailed; the managers were silenced by an almost universal cry of ‘Hear, hear, hear,’ from the Lords; and by Lord Kenyon, who represented the Chancellor, and said ‘Mr Hastings, proceed.’”

There were still four years of the trial to come at this stage! There were long intervals in which Hastings, who was on bail, retired to his house at Windsor.

One day, as Fanny left Westminster Hall, Hastings himself greeted her—“Oh!” he cried, “I must come here to see you, I find!” Fanny afterwards told Windham she was sorry he had just left her, though it would have been a trial in tact to know whether she might introduce them to each other. Windham replied gallantly:

“If *you* had been between us, we might, for once, have coalesced—in both bowing to the same shrine!”

When Warren Hastings was at last acquitted, Dr Burney was one of the first to call with his family’s congratulations.

## CHAPTER XIV

### ROYAL VISIT TO OXFORD: THE KING'S ILLNESS

FANNY BURNEY'S chronicle of Court life is chiefly interesting for the many little touches which throw light on the personalities of the Royal Family and their attendants, and the outlook upon life of such a circle, nearly a century and a half ago. There is more of conversation and comment than of incident. The royal visit to Oxford was, however, an experience recorded at length.

Fanny was anxiously careful in her preparations, as usual—although Mrs Schwellenberg tried to damp undue exaltation by explaining coldly: “When you go with the Queen, it is enough; they might be civil to you for that sake. You might go quite without no what you call fuss; you might take no gown but what you go in.... There is no need you might be seen. I shall do everything that I can to assist you to appear for nobody.”

Princess Elizabeth advised Fanny more acceptably; as she was starting herself she urged her in a whisper to go and lie down until the attendants' coach was ready.

Fanny would naturally have delighted in a visit to Oxford, and might have had a distinguished welcome for her own sake, but at

Nuneham, the great river-side house of Lord and Lady Harcourt, she was left to lose herself in the passages, until the Princesses themselves came to the rescue. The only intimation of supper was a message delivered by a brusque servant, who phrased it: "The supper waits; the equerries want the ladies." On this Fanny did not choose to have any supper. The next day she was in the hands of the hair-dresser at six o'clock, and his work was not quite done when the Queen sent for her at eight! Fortunately breakfast was presided over courteously by Lord Harcourt's sisters, who tried to make amends for the distresses of the day before.

Then came a long procession of carriages for the formal visit to Oxford. There was an address of welcome, read by the Vice-Chancellor in the Sheldonian Theatre, containing allusions to His Majesty's escape from an attempt on his life, at which, according to Fanny, the Princesses wept with but little control, until there was scarcely a dry eye in the building.

The ceremony of kissing the King's hand was amusing to the professional Court attendant. Some of the Doctors turned their backs on His Majesty, some did not care to kneel and "took the King's hand straight up to their mouths"; others, finding it difficult to rise from both knees "fairly arose by pulling his Majesty's hand to raise them."

During the progress that followed, Fanny was delighted by the Reynolds window in New

College, and she lingered so happily in one of the Chapels that a Doctor of the University said to her, "You seem inclined to abide with us, Miss Burney?" "No, no!" cried another, "don't let us shut up Miss Burney among old tombs. No, no!" Fanny longed for more time in the fine libraries.

A collation was provided for the Royal Family in Christ Church hall, but it was not etiquette for the suite to sit or eat in their presence, or to leave them. Fortunately the Fellows of the College saw this difficulty, and refreshments were smuggled on to a table at the bottom of the hall. There the attendants sat in turns, while the others stood in a semi-circle to screen them from the royal view. Later in the day Mr Fairly made another opportunity for Fanny to sit a few minutes, and produced some apricots and bread in a paper bag—but they were interrupted by the Queen coming that way, and had to cram the bread into their pockets, and squeeze the fruit in their hands!

As time passed in the royal service Fanny adapted herself to the community life; she maintained necessary rights in the face of Mrs Schwellenberg, she held her own with "Mr Turbulent."

Unfortunately routine and regularity could not save the King from the illness which was to break up the quiet Windsor life so sadly. Fanny's story of the King's mental breakdown is very touching, written, as it was, in the anxiety and

pity of the actual moment. At first it was not clear how far the illness was mental. One evening Fanny found the Queen giving him some medicine lately prescribed:

“He took the bark... ‘but the *Queen*,’ he cried, ‘is my physician, and no man need have a better; she is my *Friend*, and no man *can* have a better.’”

Fanny continues her account:

“Nor can I ever forget him in what passed this night. When I came to the Queen’s dressing-room he was still with her.... He was begging her not to speak to him when he got to his room, that he might fall asleep, as he felt great want of that refreshment. He repeated this desire, I believe, at least a hundred times, though, far enough from needing it, the poor Queen never uttered one syllable! He then applied to me, saying he was really very well, except in that one particular, that he could not sleep.

“The kindness and benevolence of his manner all this time was most penetrating: he seemed to have no anxiety but to set the Queen at rest, and no wish but to quiet and give pleasure to all around him.... But there was a hurry in his manner and voice that indicated sleep to be indeed wanted. Nor could I, all night, forbear foreseeing ‘He sleeps now, or to-morrow he will surely be delirious.’”

A worse night came, and Fanny, unable to sleep, rose by candle-light and crept to the Queen’s dressing-room. There she heard the

unwonted sound of men's voices; Colonel Goldsworthy had sat up there all night to be at hand. Fanny heard his story:

"The King, in the middle of the night, had insisted upon seeing if his Queen was not removed from the house; and he had come into her room, with a candle in his hand, opened the bed-curtains, and satisfied himself she was there, and Miss Goldsworthy by her side. This observance of his directions had much soothed him; but he stayed a full half-hour....He was still in the next room....He kept talking unceasingly; his voice was lost in hoarseness...but its tone was still all benevolence."

As Fanny came to her side the Queen said softly, "Miss Burney, how are you?" At this Fanny burst into tears, and the Queen was soon crying too—"I thank you, Miss Burney," she said, "You have made me cry; it is a great relief to me."

In time it was decided to move the King to Kew. Here it was Fanny's duty to make enquiries for the Queen in the early morning as to the King's night. She waited in the cold, dark passages, then being washed for the day, until she could see one of the King's suite, and generally the news was but poor comfort for her or the Queen. There was one bright ray. The Prince of Wales showed anxiety to be reconciled with his mother, and Fanny tells us that it was agreed by all parties that the Prince had the faculty of making his peace, where he wished

it, with the most captivating grace in the world.

Fanny had her own little difficulty. She had made use of Mrs Schwellenberg's parlour for her early morning waiting for news. This gave rise to ungracious grumbling—"Oh, ver well! When everybody goes to my room I might keep an inn—what you call hotel"—and the next morning the door was locked. The Queen was concerned when Fanny came to her shivering, and arrangements were made for another room, with a fire, to be available for her.

Shortly before the King's temporary recovery Fanny had a personal experience which alarmed her at first, though afterwards she could not altogether regret it. She had been ordered by her doctor to walk every day, and did so in Kew Gardens, at times when there was no fear of meeting the King taking his exercise. One morning the King's routine was changed, and as Fanny walked she suddenly saw His Majesty, attended by two doctors, approaching. She turned and fled, but too late.

"What was my terror to hear myself pursued! —to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, 'Miss Burney! Miss Burney!' I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at that time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorised meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply,

in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless I ran on, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

“The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears: more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me—the attendants all running to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Doctor Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

“Heavens, how I ran!...My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

“Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out ‘Stop! stop! stop!’

“I could by no means consent....Still, therefore, on I flew; and such was my speed...that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words from one of the attendants had not reached me, ‘Doctor Willis begs you to stop!’

“‘I cannot! I cannot!’ I answered, still flying on, when he called out, ‘You must, ma’am; it hurts the King to run.’

“Then, indeed, I stopped....They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time, would have required an hour’s recruit.

“As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command: it occurred

to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence: I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

“When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, ‘Why did you run away?’”

The gentleness of his voice gave Fanny courage to look up, upon which His Majesty put both his arms round her shoulders and kissed her cheek. She was encouraged to see that the two doctors “not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation.” Realising his pleasure in seeing one of the normal household again, Fanny let the King draw her aside for private talk.

She was amazed and touched when, after enquiring about Mrs Schwellenberg, he laughed and said:

“Never mind her!—don’t be oppressed—I am your friend! Don’t let her cast you down! I know you have a hard time of it—but don’t mind her!”

He spoke warmly of Mrs Delany, with tears in his eyes at the remembrance of her death, and of Fanny’s father. Then came a touch of the old spirit in which he had been brought up by his mother—when “George, be a *King!*” was the motto always in his ears. He showed Fanny a list of officers of state whom he intended to

replace the Ministers then in power: "As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!"

At last he reluctantly let Fanny go, promising her he would do something more for her father, and giving her a last injunction not to mind Mrs Schwellenberg's harshness—"I will be your friend as long as I live," he concluded.

Within a month the King had completely recovered. The first time he saw Fanny in the Queen's room he remarked: "I am quite well now, I was nearly so when I saw you before—but I could overtake you better now!"

## CHAPTER XV

### RELEASE FROM COURT: THE FRENCH ÉMIGRÉS AT JUNIPER HALL

AFTER the King's recovery, in June 1789, Fanny accompanied the royal party on a visit to Weymouth, where she took an almost family pride in all the enthusiastic displays of loyalty they met with. All the men, women and children in Weymouth contrived to wear a label or a ribbon with "God Save the King" on it; bathers wore them in their caps and round their waists, "nor," as Fanny writes, "is this all. Think but of the surprise of His Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under water when a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up 'God save great George our King.'"

On the return to Windsor Fanny was soon obliged to consider her own health, as she found herself more and more unequal to the strain of Court service. This was not surprising to anyone but the duty-loving Queen and Mrs Schwellenberg. The remedies Fanny tried seem to have given her no relief; for neuralgia she first tried a blister, and then leeches, one of which bit a nerve and gave her such pain that she thought of death with no distress.

It was soon obvious to all her friends that she

must resign her post. Her sisters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Windham and other friends all interested themselves in opening the eyes of Dr Burney; Boswell somewhat officially told her that the Club (founded by Dr Johnson) had discussed the matter at length, with Charles Fox in the chair.

At last her resignation was accomplished, after much heart-burning on her part, rage on Mrs Schwellenberg's, and incredulity on the Queen's. The Queen, however, was just; Fanny was happy to hear that she had spoken of her generously—"Oh, as to character, she is what we call in German 'true as gold'; and, in point of heart, there is not, all the world over, one better," and to this was added a discerning comment on her sincerity.

Fanny equalled the heroines of her own later novels in her extreme sensibility over the leave-taking, but she was thankful to be free, and touched by the promise of £100 a year from the Queen. The King too thought this but fair—"for she has given up five years of her pen."

Dr Burney was now resident organist at Chelsea Hospital, through the good offices of Burke, who only regretted that there was no better post in his gift. Fanny, however, spent a great part of her time with her sister Susan Phillips at Mickleham and her dear friends the Lockes of Norbury Park, within walking distance. Mrs Locke was as intimate a friend as Mrs Thrale had once been. During Fanny's service

at Court Mrs Locke had thoughtfully supplied her with charming little knick-knacks to present on the numerous royal birthdays; mindful of Fanny's creature comforts too, she had once smuggled a decanter of barley-water and a bright tin saucepan into the Queen's Lodge under her hoop!

Before Fanny left the Court the French Revolution had run two years of its course, but it was not until 1792 that the new reign of terror in France became vivid to English people through the arrival of parties of émigrés—dukes, counts and their wives and children—with very little money and tragic memories, taking up a picnic life where they could find an empty country house in England. A little colony of them was established at Juniper Hall, near Mickleham, late in 1792, and became an absorbing interest to Susan and Mrs Locke, although Susan wrote feelingly: "I wish I did not know there was such a country as France!"

The émigrés at Juniper Hall belonged to a group whose appeal to liberal sympathy in England was strong. They had all stayed in their country as long as they could possibly hope to serve it, and had almost succeeded in checking the Revolution at a reformed, constitutional monarchy. Madame de Staël, distinguished for her wit and her books, was the daughter of Necker, the only minister of finance who had commanded the confidence—for a time—even of the revolutionary reformers. The Comte de

Narbonne had been minister of war in the reformed government. With M. de Narbonne was a great friend, the Chevalier d'Arblay, who soon won all hearts at Mickleham and Norbury.

Added to the charm of M. d'Arblay's own enthusiastic and generous personality (*exalté* was the word Mme. d'Arblay afterwards chose to describe his nature) was the glamour of his association with Lafayette, to whom he had been Adjutant-General in France in the first stages of the Revolution. Lafayette is still a name of romantic honour both in France and America. In America he had fought beside Washington in the War of Independence. (There M. d'Arblay was not with him.) In the first stage of the French Revolution Lafayette played a fine part. His ideal was a sane and just liberty, such as he had seen the new America founding on the Declaration of Independence. He believed it could be reconciled with constitutional monarchy, and his influence went far to achieve this.

When a mob from Paris broke into the royal palace at Versailles, attacked the Household Guard and demanded the King, the appearance of Lafayette turned them from bloodshed. He persuaded first the King to show himself on a balcony, and then the Queen—against whom feeling ran higher—and the mob actually applauded when he kissed the Queen's hand, and then placed his own cap of liberty on the head of one of the Household Guards. On the 14th July 1790, when the reforms were to be ratified

and celebrated by a great Confederation of the whole kingdom, Lafayette was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guards, and before a vast, enthusiastic crowd, gathered on the Champs de Mars, he swore "eternal fidelity to the nation, the law and the King." His Adjutant-General, the Chevalier d'Arblay, bound himself by the same oath.

Unfortunately it was too late for moderation to prevail. The King dared not be staunch in any one course, and on 20th June 1791 he and the Queen slipped out of the Tuileries in disguise, and started upon the flight which ended in the tragic re-capture at Varennes, close to the frontier. M. d'Arblay was actually on guard at the Tuileries on the night of the flight; he was in absolute ignorance of it, but in great danger from the suspicion which fell upon him.

Once again Louis XVI accepted an admirable constitution; but difficulties increased, and emigrant French princes and nobles stirred up Austria (the country of Marie Antoinette) and Prussia to declare war upon the revolutionaries. Republicanism gained ground, and Lafayette, in trying to use his influence with the army a little too far, was discredited for conduct described as "à la Cromwell."

On the 10th August the Revolution was carried a stage further, and the King deposed. Lafayette realised that he could do no more for the constitutional cause in France, and he decided to retire to America. M. d'Arblay set

out with him, but they were intercepted by Prussian and Austrian troops, and Lafayette was put under arrest as a revolutionary enemy. M. d'Arblay, who had had little part in politics, was allowed to proceed to England, where he joined his friend the Comte de Narbonne, who pressed him to share the few thousand pounds which he had saved from his great fortune.

Lafayette was kept in captivity, as he would not deny his principles, and was not allowed any news of his country.

Reports reached Juniper Hall that he was even deprived of books and writing materials, and had to answer to a corporal who called him every fifteen minutes, day and night. The English Parliament is said to have tried to obtain better treatment for him, but he was only set free at the order of Napoleon, four years later.

All this history, and many personal stories, Susan heard with eager sympathy, and repeated to Fanny. One evening when the Juniper Hall company were dining at Norbury Park, a stranger, dressed in badly-fitting clothes, was shown in, and welcomed by them as another émigré. It was M. de la Châtre, whose wife and son had, only the day before, left Juniper Hall for France in the hope of recovering a little of their property. M. de la Châtre had had great difficulty in getting a passage to England, his few possessions were lost in a small boat which had to be abandoned in a storm, and he practically threw himself on the charity of a

London tailor for clothes fit to continue his journey in. Smiling at his friends, he exclaimed —*et nous n'avons plus qu'à mourir de faim joyement ensemble.*

Fanny, too, had her tales of émigrés. On one of her visits she had met the Duc de Liancourt, and heard the story of his escape from France in the bottom of a boat, covered with bundles of firewood. She found "his first address was of the highest style"; he had read *Cecilia* and questioned her with such vivacity that she told him particulars about the plot and characters which her friends present declared no one had heard before.

She was interested by the ease with which he passed from dignity, importance and high-breeding to amuse himself in the drawing-room with his dog, "as, in England, only a schoolboy or a professed fox-hunter would have dreamt of doing."

Naturally, when Fanny next set off on a visit to Mickleham she was ready to take a keen and sympathetic interest in the émigrés at Juniper Hall.

## CHAPTER XVI

### MARRIAGE: CAMILLA COTTAGE

WHEN Fanny was introduced to the French colony at Juniper Hall they were all overwhelmed with grief, as news had just come of the execution of Louis XVI. Mme de Staël had received a private letter, giving some moving details which the Commune had suppressed, from anxiety not to risk *attendrir le peuple*.

Broken by this account, M. de Narbonne asked his English friends if they could possibly keep any affection for *ceux qui ont la honte et le malheur d'être nés Français*. M. d'Arblay seemed to grow pale and thin in one night of brooding; Fanny heard him declare that he could scarcely bear his life when he remembered that he himself had pronounced the word "liberty" in France.

Mme de Staël, who was partly Swedish, rallied better. Fanny described her as one of the first women she had ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect; she also comments on her plain appearance. Both these opinions were natural. Since the publication of her treatise on literature, manners and habits of thought in Germany, Mme de Staël had been acknowledged as a woman with a real gift for philosophical reflection. Her novels played their

part in the romantic revival in French literature. Byron (on whom she modelled the hero of her *Corinne*), watching her in conversation with the Irishman Curran, remarked that they were both so ugly that he "could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up, respectively, such residences."

Mme de Staël's talk reminded Fanny of Mrs Thrale's in vivacity and point, but she felt in her infinitely more depth. She sat absorbed when Mme de Staël read the opening of a new book—*Sur le Bonheur*—to the party, and agreed with Talleyrand that she had heard nothing better thought or more ably expressed.

Evidently Mme de Staël wished to keep up a friendship with her when she left Juniper Hall, but a breath of scandal was enough to alarm Fanny, who was even more punctilious since her residence at the Queen's Lodge, and she drew back.

M. d'Arblay soon became particularly interesting to Fanny. She had written her first impression of him to her father: "...one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and unhackneyed manners." She admitted that M. de Narbonne was far more a man of the world. M. d'Arblay's sincerity and ingenuousness were his first charm; when Fanny found that he was also a lover of literature, could read Italian and German, and was "a very elegant poet," he became "one of the most singularly

interesting characters that can ever have been formed." They undertook to exchange lessons in French and English; soon she records: "I have been scholaring all day, and mastering too, for our lessons are mutual, and more entertaining than can easily be conceived."

Their companionship was so happy that they soon confessed to each other that they never wished to break it. Fanny retired to Chesington to think out her problem in the quiet place she had loved from childhood, amongst old friends of Mr Crisp's. M. d'Arblay was reported to be in a state of desperate dejection.

Mr and Mrs Locke helped them to the courage of decision. Mr Locke thought the £100 a year which Fanny received from the Queen would support them—as it did many a poor curate—and offered them land in his own park to build a cottage, where, no doubt, Mrs Locke felt she could tactfully add to their comforts. Both declared that they neither wished nor hoped for more than *le simple nécessaire*.

Poor Dr Burney was shocked and dismayed at the suggestion of the marriage, and pointed out that the pension was entirely dependent on the Queen's personal favour and memory.

Fanny found prudence a colder counsel than she could bear, and on 31st July 1793 she and the Chevalier d'Arblay were married in Mickleham Church, and afterwards also by Roman Catholic rites in the Sardinian Chapel. Dr Burney gave his consent, but would not be

present. Her brother James gave her away, and Susan and her husband and Mr and Mrs Locke were with them.

The eight years of quiet frugality which followed seemed to Fanny afterwards the happiest of her life. There was some anxiety almost before they settled down. England was drawn into the support of French royalists who wished to restore a constitutional monarchy, and as soon as M. d'Arblay "read the words Louis XVII, and the Constitution to which he had sworn, united" he felt that inaction would be unbearable, and offered his services, through Pitt, for an expedition to Toulon. His offer was not accepted, and they began to settle to their quiet daily round. At first they were in rooms at a farm in Bookham. Fanny describes their life there:

"Here we are tranquil, undisturbed and undisturbing. Can life, he often says, be more innocent than ours, or happiness more inoffensive? He works in his garden, or studies English and mathematics, while I write. When I work at my needle, he reads to me; and we enjoy the beautiful country round us in long, romantic strolls."

M. d'Arblay wrote too, memoranda of favourite poems and anecdotes which tactful Fanny expressed a wish to have. He found relief in writing an energetic—all he did was energetic—defence of Lafayette, whose case came up in the newspapers; but decided he could do his friend no good by it. He had to calm himself and



GENERAL D'ARBLAY



*cultiver son jardin.* Of this Fanny gives a graphic account:

“This sort of work, however, is so totally new to him that he receives every now and then some... ‘disagreeable compliments’; for when Mr Locke’s or the Captain’s (Phillips) gardeners favour our grounds with a visit, they commonly make known that all has been done wrong. Seeds are sowing in some parts when plants ought to be reaping, and plants are running to seed while they are thought not yet at maturity. Our garden, therefore, is not yet quite the most profitable thing in the world; but M. d’Arblay assures me it is to be the staff of our table and existence.... His greatest passion is for transplanting. Everything we possess he moves from one end of the garden to another, to produce better effects. Roses take the place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as the space allows; but whether the effect may not be a general mortality, summer only can determine.

“Such is our horticultural history. But I must not omit that we have had for one week cabbages from our own cultivation every day! O, you have no idea how sweet they tasted! We agreed they had a freshness and a *goût* we had never met with before. We had them for too short a time to grow tired of them, because, as I have already hinted, they were beginning to run to seed before we knew they were eatable.”

A visit from Dr Burney completed Fanny's happiness—in seeking the highest praise for her husband Fanny had written warmly, "the day never passes in which I do not exclaim, 'How you remind me of my father!'" The only blot on the happiness of this visit was that the garden was not at the moment as neat as M. d'Arblay could have wished, he was even a little *piqué* because Dr Burney thoughtlessly remarked on it. He tried to make up for lack of skill with redoubled energy, and Fanny regrets that her father could not see him now—"mowing down our hedge with his sabre, and with an air and attitude so military, that, if he had been hewing down other legions than those he encountered (i.e. of spiders) he could scarcely have had a mien more tremendous, or have demanded an arm more mighty. Heaven knows, I am the most *contente personne* in the world to see his sabre so employed!"

In 1794 Fanny's son—her only child—was born, and christened Alexander Charles Louis Piochard, the names of his father and his two godfathers, Charles Burney and the Comte de Narbonne. At this time M. de Narbonne was trying to recover some of his property—he had been as rich as any nobleman in France, except the Princes of the royal family—but he only met with disappointment. Fanny wrote with fine simplicity to invite him to share their Hermitage, adding as a postscript, "You will have terrible dinners, alas!—but your godson comes in for

the dessert." M. de Narbonne was very much touched, but glad to be able to assure them that he had still *quelques petites ressources et espérances*.

( In 1796 Fanny had *Camilla* ready for publication. She dared not call it a novel, since she had heard that this description had made the Queen forbid the Princesses to read *Cecilia*, until a bishop had assured her that it was perfectly harmless! *Camilla* was intended to be "sketches of characters and morals put in action." It was published by subscription; several well-known ladies kept the lists of subscribers for her. Amongst the most generous of these were Edmund Burke and Warren Hastings. Hastings exclaimed, "Now I can serve her, thank Heaven, and I will!" The name of Miss Jane Austen, Steventon Rectory (then a girl of twenty-one) appears in the list. )

Fanny had leave to dedicate *Camilla* to the Queen, and she and her husband set off to Windsor to present a copy to Her Majesty. Both the Queen and the King were very gracious, with the literary Princess Elizabeth hovering happily in the background. Before Fanny left a sealed packet was conveyed to her containing a hundred guineas; the Queen had tactfully told the bearer to explain that it was "only for the paper—nothing for the trouble." Fanny was inspired to say that she should use the present as a fund to enable her to visit Windsor once a year.

The next evening M. d'Arblay, wearing his French decorations, accompanied Fanny to see

the terrace parade. As the King and his family approached, memories of the royal house of France almost overwhelmed him, and he could scarcely stand firm by Fanny's side. The King stopped for an introduction, and talked kindly for some minutes. The Princesses followed, and Princess Elizabeth cried jubilantly that she had got leave to read *Camilla*, without even waiting for the Queen to read it first!

Fanny had also by now written a tragedy—*Edwy and Elgiva*—which had been hurriedly submitted to Sheridan by a friend, at a time when Fanny was ill. Sheridan produced it, without criticism or revision, but, although Mrs Siddons and Kemble were in the cast, it was not a success, and Fanny herself asked for it to be withdrawn.

*Camilla* realised well over £2000, and out of this the d'Arblays at last built their own little house, on land of Mr Locke's, close to Norbury Park, and called it Camilla Cottage. It was barely finished when a window-tax, one of the many ways of raising money for the war with France, obliged them to block up four of their windows. Fanny wrote gaily of picnicking in the half-fitted rooms, and of M. d'Arblay's "little contrivances and conveniences, just adapted to our particular use and taste." To Susan she admitted that it had cost them more than they had expected:

"This very day, I thank God! we paid the last of our workmen....If the Carmagnols do

not seize our walls, we despair not of enjoying . . . our dear dwelling to our hearts' content. But we are reducing our expenses and way of life, in order to go on, in a manner you would laugh to see, though almost cry to hear. But I never forget Dr Johnson's words. When somebody said that a certain person 'had no turn for economy,' he answered, 'Sir, you might as well say that he has no turn for honesty.'"

## CHAPTER XVII

### VISIT TO WINDSOR: PARIS: NAPOLEON

WHEN Fanny's son was three years old, she had the somewhat anxious pleasure of taking him, by special request, to see the Queen and the Princesses. Alex was not trained to be prettily responsive to strangers, but Fanny dressed him in a new muslin frock and sash and hoped for the best.

Princess Elizabeth had thoughtfully prepared a table full of toys for him, and Fanny reports gratefully that she had the graciousness as well as sense to set him at ease by a little game of peep-bo. In Princess Augusta's room the gay carpet was all he had eyes for, until the Princess Amelia joined them, and he soon lost his shyness with her—perhaps he was reassured by the natural way in which she kissed his mother when she came in, just as she had done in childhood.

The interview with the Queen was not so easy. Her Majesty noticed Alex kindly, and then expected him to fall into the background while she talked to his mother. Fanny found it very hard to give her mind to literary discussion and keep the child quiet at the same time, and was relieved when the Queen produced a Noah's Ark. However this proved almost too exciting

—“O! it’s bow wow!” he cried happily, leaning up against the Queen’s knee. Her Majesty, as she talked on to Fanny, gently removed out of his reach the animals he was tumbling about, and he soon found himself a new toy in her work-box. Distracted from this, he darted into the bedroom where the Queen’s jewels were laid out ready for her to put on. Fanny then took him on her knee, but even this was not satisfactory:

“Get down, little man,” said the Queen, ‘you are too heavy for your mamma.’

“He took not the smallest notice of this admonition. The Queen, accustomed to implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him.

“The Queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, ‘What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?’

“He now lifted up his head, and before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, ‘Mamma, mamma!’ ‘Oh!’ said she, smiling, ‘he knows who I mean.’”

Cake was now ordered, and Alex responded to his anxious mother’s “What do you say?” with a bright “Sanky, Queen.” The cake finished, trouble was brewing again when the Princesses came in, and Princess Augusta, seeing at a glance that Fanny was anxious, exclaimed warmly, “He has been so good upstairs,

mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." After this Fanny was able to withdraw with honour, feeling that she had "escaped pretty well."

At the beginning of 1800 a tragic blow fell on the Burney family in the death of Susan. Fanny said she never knew perfect happiness again; she herself died on the anniversary of Susan's death, forty years later. It was some little comfort that her husband and his friends had known and loved Susan; M. de Narbonne had described her as all that is *douce* and all that is *spirituelle*.

Very soon other troubles began to press. The prices of food rose terribly during the Napoleonic war; M. d'Arblay grew vegetables with feverish zeal, but meat, butter—and most of all, shoes—became heavy burdens. Starving poor from Dorking found their way to the cottage to beg for half-pence to buy even bread.

Under this pressure M. d'Arblay decided that he ought to go to France to see if he could realise a little money from a remnant of land not yet taken from his family. He found Napoleon just closing his grasp on supreme power in France, since he had secured appointment as First Consul in the intermediate stage between Republic and Empire. He was inclined to favour any of the émigrés who could be of service in the new régime; M. de Narbonne explained to his friend, *Il a mis toutes nos têtes*

*sur ses épaules.* M. d'Arblay also reported that *sa capacité en tout genre est au-delà de tout ce qu'on peut se figurer dans les limites du possible.*

The prospects seemed good enough for M. d'Arblay to give the required pledge that if he received a passport for a second journey to France he would not return for a year. A military post in St Domingo was offered to him, which he accepted with the stipulation that he should not be required to serve against England. Upon that the appointment was annulled, and M. d'Arblay was afraid that he could not even hope to obtain a grant of half-pay as a retired officer. Lafayette spoke to Napoleon of his case, and was relieved to find the First Consul ready to listen; of M. d'Arblay's refusal to fight against England, Napoleon said quite gallantly *qu'il ne considérait dans cette démarche que le mari de 'Cecilia.'*

Uncertain as M. d'Arblay's prospects were, Fanny felt that anything was better than separation, and she set out with Alexander to join him. On landing at Calais she was much struck by the general rejoicing at the restoration of Sunday as a day of worship; Robespierre had ruthlessly suppressed the old forms of religion, and one country-woman told Fanny that they had lost *le bon Dieu* for ten years, but that Bonaparte had now found him! In another village the women confided that they would be content now because at least they could make sure of being happy in the life to come; it had been terrible, they said,

to suffer in this world and know that you were losing your soul as well.

In Paris there was a warm welcome for Mme d'Arblay; friends who had been entertained at Mickleham and Norbury Park came to see her at once, and she found herself one of the *ci-devants*—the nobility who were now able to return to France, but not to use their titles. One of the first to visit her was Mme Lafayette. She came when Fanny was resting on her bed in a morning gown, and was shown in by the child Alex almost before her name had been announced. Fanny forgot all awkwardness, however, in the thought of Mme Lafayette's sufferings and heroism. She had been thrown into prison by Robespierre, and only saved from the guillotine by his death. Set free to leave France, she hurried straight to her husband's prison at Olmutz, and insisted on sharing his wretched quarters there. She was still lame from the damp and lack of exercise. Fanny found her "by no means handsome; but has eyes so expressive, so large, and so speaking, that it is not easy to criticise her other features, for it is almost impossible to look at them."

Mme Lafayette was the daughter of a *ci-devant* Duke, and her friend the Princesse d'Hénin had brought her to see Fanny.

With Mme d'Hénin Fanny attended a parade at the Tuileries and saw the First Consul. Fanny's description of the scene is grandiloquent, but, as she claimed herself, historic:

“The scene now...was splendidly gay and highly animating. The room was full, but not crowded, with officers of rank in sumptuous rather than rich uniforms, and exhibiting a martial air that became their attire, which, however, generally speaking, was too gorgeous to be noble....Sundry footmen of the First Consul, in very fine liveries, were attending to bring or arrange chairs for whoever required them; various peace-officers, superbly begilt, paraded occasionally up and down the chamber, to keep the ladies to their windows and the gentlemen to their ranks, so as to preserve the passage or lane through which the First Consul was to walk upon his entrance clear and open; and several gentleman-like looking persons...dressed in black, with gold chains hanging round their necks, and medallions pending from them, seemed to have the charge of the door itself, leading immediately to the audience chamber of the First Consul.

“But what was most prominent in commanding notice, was the array of the aides-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness....M. d'Arblay, starting forward to speak to one of them, brought him across the lane to me and said ‘General Lauriston.’”

Fanny was very much touched to see how eagerly old fellow-officers, resplendent now in

Napoleonic uniforms, came up to greet her husband, in spite of his old coat and everyday dress, which made him as conspicuous for his plain appearance as the aides-de-camp were for brilliance.

Very soon the ladies about Fanny realised that she was English, and most kindly determined to give her the best view possible. One lady urged her with mysterious importance to keep close to her because she was going to speak to the First Consul when he appeared, and Fanny would have the satisfaction of hearing him answer her; she could not be disappointed because he was *bon homme tout à fait et affable!* —*O affable!—Oui, vous l'entendrez parler.*

Fanny was puzzled, but her attention was distracted by a little dame on her other side, with a perpetual smile of gay importance, who told her that she came to the great review every month. Presently she startled Fanny by crying, *Vous le voyez, Madame? Le Premier Consul?* exclaimed Fanny eagerly, but her neighbour only pointed to “a tall, large figure, with a broad gold-laced hat, who was clearing the lane . . . with a stentorian voice, and an air and manner of such authority as a chief constable might exert in an English riot.”

Fanny’s neighbour enlarged upon the authority of this official, and murmured that presently he would go into the audience chamber itself and see the First Consul. Fanny scarcely knew what to say, but responded with a polite

*O, fort bien!* Whereupon her neighbour became more impressive still, and said with slow dignity—*Madame, c'est mon mari!*

The comedy did not finish there, for presently the little dame “poked her head under the arm of a tall grenadier... and trying to catch the eye of the object of her devotion, called out, in an accent of tenderness, *M'Ami! M'Ami!*”

This drew a scornful glance from the august husband, who, however, grumbled out, *Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?* On this, a little at a loss what to say, she timidly stammered, *M'Ami—le—le—Premier Consul, ne vient-il pas? Oui, oui!* was blustered in reply, with a look that completed the phrase by “you fool, you!” though the voice left it unfinished.

At last, after some carrying of flags, the appearance of the Second Consul and of the dejected Prince of Orange, the great moment arrived. The door was thrown open with a dramatic crash, and another resplendent officer cried in a loud voice—*Le Premier Consul!*

Fanny was fortunate in her view:

“I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face, as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye but in every feature—care, thought, melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked.... He has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather that of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who ‘o'er books consumes’ not only the

'midnight oil' but his own daily strength.... The plainness, also, of his dress, so conspicuously contrasted by the finery of all round him, conspires... to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior."

From a window Fanny watched the review:

"Bonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white horse, closely encircled by his glittering aides-de-camp, and accompanied by his generals, rode round the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing or other freaks of his horse, insomuch as to strike some who were near me with a notion of his being a bad horseman."

Fanny's own impression was that he would not trouble himself to keep his horse constantly in order, as he knew he could master it at any moment if he wished to.

After the inspection Napoleon presented some swords of honour, and Fanny noted that this ceremony changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was military and commanding. Just as the band marched past the First Consul the sun broke through the clouds and shone full on him. Fanny remarked that this was lucky, upon which the wife of *m'ami* turned to her and explained compassionately that it was always so; however bad the weather, the sun always made its appearance when the First Consul came out in state.

On the return to the audience chamber

Fanny's other neighbour fulfilled her promise by stepping forward to present a petition, crying shrilly, *C'est pour mon fils ! Vous me l'avez promis !*

Napoleon replied in a low voice, his aides-de-camp closed round her to take her name, and he smiled as he passed on, but looked harassed and worn. The petitioner was exulting and confident, she felt something must come of having her name taken by several Generals !

Very soon after this Napoleon granted M. d'Arblay's application for the pension he was entitled to as a retired officer—he had been in the artillery from the age of twelve ! This, computed in English money, amounted to £62 a year. In addition, a very small sum was realisable from a remnant of property. M. d'Arblay was determined to be independent, and in time he obtained a small post in the Civil Service. The family now settled in what Fanny calls a little cell at Passy, outside Paris, and M. d'Arblay was away at his office from 8 to 5 o'clock every day.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### PRESENTATION TO LOUIS XVIII: THE HUNDRED DAYS

FOR a time life at the new Hermitage in Passy had a peaceful regularity, and Fanny was delighted with the circle of friends into which her husband took her. Alex promised to become a scholar, but troubled his parents a little by a phase of hating all society. Fanny confided this to Mrs Locke:

“Where he can have got such a rebel humour we conceive not; but it costs him more to make a bow than to resolve six difficult problems of algebra, or to repeat twelve pages from Euripides; and as to making a civil speech, he would sooner renounce the world.”

Illness was the first disturber; Fanny herself underwent a serious operation, and during this trying time won the name of *l'Ange* from her French friends.

In 1812 a new menace arose. Alex was almost old enough to be liable to conscription, and neither of his parents wished to see him in Napoleon's army now that the Emperor's object seemed to be nothing less than the conquest of the world, including, of course, England. It was decided that Fanny and Alex should go to England, and a moment was seized when Napoleon himself had left Paris. It was, in fact,

necessary to carry on a stealthy cat-and-mouse campaign to get away at all, and the passport had to be made out for America. A passage was booked on a vessel sailing from Dunkirk under American colours, but intending to call at Dover.

Unfortunately there were delays, and they were held up for some time at Dunkirk, where Fanny only just escaped serious trouble through talking to some Spanish prisoners in a labour gang. She had also to assuage the suspicions of officials about the manuscript of *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, which she had asked M. d'Arblay to send from Paris. When at last the vessel sailed it was captured in the Channel by an English man-of-war, as America had just joined in the war on the side of France! At first the English officers declared Alex a prisoner, but Fanny was happy to be able to assure them that he was English-born.

Fanny found many changes, particularly in the Royal Family; the Princess Amelia had died, and George III was again out of his mind. During this visit she installed Alex at Cambridge, where he held the Tancred studentship. Before she returned to Paris she had nursed her father through his last illness.

In 1814 the war ended, with Napoleon exiled to Elba, and the French monarchy was restored.

Louis XVIII was in London, and Queen Charlotte expressed a wish that Fanny should be presented to him before he left for Paris, and so

she found herself, under the protection of Lady Crewe, going to "visit a King of France who had found an asylum in a street of the city of Westminster."

Fanny did not make it easy for Lady Crewe to bring her forward, though that lady impressed upon the Duc de Duras that he must introduce her to the King as the English Madame de Staël, and tell him that English society was as proud of Madame d'Arblay as he could be of Madame de Staël.

Presently a buzzing whisper spread—"The King! Le roi!" Fanny was impressed by his "air of mingled sweetness and dignity," and when the moment came for her own presentation she forgot all her nervousness as he took her hand, and said in English, "I am very happy to see you."

Fanny actually managed to express her own warm pleasure in the restoration, and he responded with the unexpected compliment that he had known her for some time—"for I have *read* you, and been charmed with your books, charmed and entertained. I have read them often, I know them very well indeed; and I have long wanted to know *you*."

Fanny was about to make her curtsey and pass on, when Louis caught her hand again, and "fixing me with looks of strong though smiling investigation, he appeared archly desirous to read the lines of my face, as if to deduce from them the qualities of my mind. His manner,

however, was so polite and gentle that he did not at all discountenance me."

The Duc de Duras here reminded Louis of M. d'Arblay's faithful services; His Majesty said expressively, *Je le crois*, and pressing Fanny's hand once more, said, *Bon jour, Madame la Comtesse.*

The position of M. d'Arblay was now assured, he received an honourable appointment in the Body-Guard of Louis XVIII, and was confirmed in his old rank of General. It seemed now as if their privations and anxieties were over; the Chevalier drove Fanny himself in a calèche in the Bois de Boulogne every morning, and their prospects seemed very happy and secure. Yet once again Napoleon was to alter the course of Fanny's life, and looking back afterwards, she wondered how all her world had so calmly taken it for granted that he would overshadow them no more.

Early in 1815 Napoleon made his escape from Elba. Paris took the news quietly, with a shrug for his indomitable boldness. Marshal Ney was despatched to check his march, and vowed that he would bring him back in an iron cage; Louis XVIII announced that he would neither give up his throne nor leave Paris. The Chevalier d'Arblay looked to his arms, and spent the nights at his barracks.

Ney failed, and Napoleon marched steadily on Paris, where "all was taciturn suspense, dark dismay or sullen passiveness." Fanny explains that the people had scarcely recovered the sense

of loyalty which the Revolution had destroyed, and Louis XVIII had been restored by victorious foreigners, not by the free choice of the people of France.

At last the Chevalier d'Arblay received orders to prepare to march, and he believed it was to be against Napoleon. He arranged for Fanny to leave Paris with the Princesse d'Hénin, and then he came to say good-bye to her. His leave-taking was like himself, loyal and soldierly.

He called upon her to give him an example of courage, and then they knelt and prayed together. As he left her he turned back to cry, almost gaily, *Vive le roi!* And she managed to repeat the words. One more glimpse Fanny had before he was gone. She ran to a window, and there saw his war-horse, which seemed to her anxious eyes to be loaded with innumerable pistols, and behind it was his carriage, also filled with all the weapons that the enthusiasm of the Chevalier could conjure up from any and every quarter. He had not intended Fanny to see these preparations, and she would not distress him by staying at the window.

When he had gone she noted that:

“The street was empty; the gay, constant gala of a Parisian Sunday was changed into fearful solitude; no sound was heard but that of here and there some hurried footstep, on one hand hastening for a passport to secure safety by flight; on the other rushing abruptly from or to

some concealment, to devise means of accelerating and hailing the entrance of the Conqueror."

It was characteristic of Fanny, and the discipline of poverty she had gone through, that her first conscious thought when she pulled herself together was an anxiety to pay every bill that was owing before she fled from Paris, few though they were, as she never had any avoidable debts.

By night Fanny, with a few possessions in a hand basket, was prepared to start with the Princesse d'Hénin, but her friend could not make up her mind either to go or to stay, and scolded everyone about her for the indecision, until news came that Napoleon was within a few hours' march of Paris. They then found that all horses were requisitioned by the Government. At last a servant with influence in some stables procured four for the first stage, and just before midnight they started for Brussels. It was an anxious journey, and they dared make no enquiries for news because of the utter uncertainty as to which side any official or village or town might take; to pass on as quietly as possible, neither asking nor answering questions, seemed the safest course.

In one town the Prefect himself called on the Princesse and stayed to supper with her party, and Fanny passed as her lady's maid, because, though friendly, the Prefect would not resist the return of Napoleon's government, and so the wife of the officer in command of the King's Body-Guard was dangerous company for him.

They now heard that Louis XVIII was on his way to Calais, so that he could embark for England if Napoleon swept all before him. Their journey, especially the night travelling, was an exhausting ordeal.

“The road was of the roughest sort, and we were jerked up and down the ruts so as with difficulty to keep our seats: it was also very dark, and the drivers could not help frequently going out of their way, though the guide, groping upon such occasions on foot, soon set them right.”

There were cold, dreary waits for fresh horses, and one night the carriage of the Comte de Lally Tolendal, who was travelling with the party, broke down completely. They were taken in by a woman alone in a cottage, and given a bowl of tea. When some soldiers called she described the party as relations of her own who were travelling.

At last they halted at Tournay, and here they heard that Louis XVIII was probably at Lille. Fanny’s immediate thought was to send a letter to the Chevalier there, but she heard that letters could only enter Lille if placed in a basket which was lowered outside the city walls at intervals, and then pulled up again. In her eagerness for news Fanny even spoke to strangers and enquired at cottage doors, and was grateful at last to an unknown gentleman, who, seeing her disturbance, courteously conducted her through endless corridors to find the Comte de Vioménil

who was said to have information—but of the King's Body-Guard he could tell her nothing.

She discovered afterwards that her stranger escort was M. de Chateaubriand, and even in her anxiety she felt a deep interest in this great Romantic, whose books had done so much to bring back the love of nature, and the sense of pageantry in history, which eighteenth-century France had almost lost. She met Chateaubriand again, as they were travelling the same way, and dined at the same table. She describes his “air of gentlemanly serenity”—well borne out by his portrait—but admitted that excess of admiration had spoiled him a little. He seemed to her to take excessive pleasure in his own personality, without exerting himself in contempt or scorn of others.

There were no further incidents on the journey, and they arrived safely in Brussels, but still without news.

## CHAPTER XIX

### BRUSSELS DURING WATERLOO

IN Brussels Fanny was comfortably settled with the Princesse d'Hénin, but still there was no news of the Chevalier d'Arblay. Fanny despatched letters to almost every town in the Netherlands, and at last she received one, written from Ypres.

Louis XVIII had decided to make his headquarters at Gand, and the Chevalier d'Arblay was soon entrusted with the mission of negotiating with the Prussians, with a view to establishing dépôts on the frontier to collect soldiers who were willing to give up Napoleon's uniform and join the army of Louis.

This mission brought the Chevalier first to Brussels, and there is a joyous entry in Fanny's diary: "Seventeen days I have passed with my best friend."

The Chevalier's aide-de-camp was one of their household, and Fanny was much moved by his account of how he and his wife and ten children had maintained themselves on a small farm after they had lost everything in the Revolution, and often had nothing but potatoes to put on the table. Louis XVIII had restored him to his military rank, and given him a place in his Body-Guard.

During this seventeen days of breathing-

space Fanny attended a concert at which Wellington was present, and wrote an account of it:

“I looked at Lord Wellington watchfully, and was charmed with every turn of his countenance, with his noble and singular physiognomy, and his eagle eye. He was gay even to sportiveness all the evening, conversing with the officers around him. He never was seated, not even a moment, though I saw seats vacated to offer to him frequently.”

In compliment to the English present the singer of the evening ended her programme with *Rule, Britannia!* Wellington had applauded keenly after every other item but now “with sagacious reserve, he listened in utter silence. Who ordered it I know not, but he felt it was injudicious in every country but our own to give out a chorus of ‘Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!’ And when an encore began to be vociferated from his officers he instantly crushed it by a commanding air of disapprobation, and thus offered me an opportunity of seeing how magnificently he could quit his convivial familiarity for imperious dominion when occasion might call for the transformation.”

The Chevalier d'Arblay left for his new post, and Fanny remained to share the suspense of Brussels. On 14th June she was wakened in the night by hurried comings and goings, and in the morning she went out to post a letter and saw a complete army corps in black uniforms march past with bands playing—it was the army of Brunswick, led by a nephew of

George III, fated to bear the first brunt of the battle of Waterloo. Fanny was struck by the attitude of the crowd in the streets:

“My interrogations were answered with brevity, yet curiosity was all awake and all abroad; for the procession lasted some hours. Not a door but was open; not a threshold but was crowded, and not a window of the many-windowed Gothic, modern, . . . fantastic or lofty mansions that diversify the large market-place of Brussels, but was occupied by lookers-on. Placidly, indeed, they saw the warriors pass; no kind greeting welcomed their arrival; no warm wishes followed them to combat. Neither, on the other hand, was there the slightest symptom of dissatisfaction. . . . It was not possible for me to discern . . . whether the Belgians were at heart Bourbonists or Bonapartists. The Bonapartists, however, were in general the most open, for the opinion on both sides, alike with good will and with ill, was nearly universal that Bonaparte was invincible.”

This was on the 15th of June; all day on the 17th and the 18th the sound of cannon was heard in Brussels.

Louis XVIII remained quietly at Gand, and Fanny received accounts which led her to express a little eulogy of his patient good sense, and the “immovable composure of his character,” which, she felt, enabled him to support his strange and anxious position with the dignity of a prince, although he could not play the part of a hero.

Reports poured into Brussels, but no one knew how far they were to be believed; even the people of the town were stirred at last:

“All the people of Brussels lived in the streets. Doors seemed of no use, for they were never shut. The individuals, when they re-entered their houses, only resided at the windows: so that the whole population of the city seemed constantly in public view....All of which we seemed capable was to inquire or to relate, to speak or to hear. Yet no clamour, no wrangling, nor even debate was intermixed with either question or answer; curiosity, though incessant, was serene; the faces were all monotony, though the tidings were all variety.”

On the morning of 18th June Miss Boyd, with whose family Fanny was to leave Brussels if it should be necessary, burst into her room exclaiming, “There is not a moment to lose!” Napoleon was reported to be close at hand, and Fanny and her party started for the wharf to embark for Antwerp. They found a string of carriages and people on foot going the same way, many of them evidently from the army, but looking so gloomy and forbidding that no one had courage to question them. At the wharf they discovered that Wellington had commandeered all barges and boats to remove the wounded and stores from Brussels to Antwerp. They returned to their lodgings, oppressed by the increasing sound of cannon. Fanny’s hosts

saw her return with the same placid civility with which they had seen her depart.

Presently excitement swept down the street, and cries of *Bonaparte est pris! le voilà! le voilà!* It was a French general, taken prisoner, whose fine uniform and plumed helmet convinced the crowd that he could be no less a person than Napoleon himself.

The next false alarm was that the French were entering the city. The population were now thoroughly worked up: "The crowds in the streets, the turbulence, the inquietude, the bustle, the noise, the cries, the almost yells, kept up a perpetual expectation."

Presently more hopeful reports came in, and a glowing description of Wellington, present wherever he was needed, confident and untiring, seeming to be in command of every part of the field at the same time. By the 20th of June Brussels was convinced of the English-Prussian victory, though Napoleon's resources were not yet exhausted.

Wounded and prisoners poured into the city, even churches were turned into hospitals and all who could help; Fanny spent most of her time amongst the British wounded, and was shocked by the incongruity of the gay uniforms of the officers when they were brought wounded from the field.

By the middle of July Napoleon had surrendered to the English, and soon afterwards Louis XVIII was re-enthroned with brilliant ceremony in Paris.

## CHAPTER XX

### CONCLUSION

HISTORY had at last done with the Chevalier d'Arblay and his wife. There remained now to piece together once more the broken threads of their life, and to decide whether to grow old together in France or in England.

The Chevalier had scarcely rested from his eager activity since he left Paris after the King. In this flight he travelled so furiously that he had taken very little food but crusts of bread dipped in brandy. When, for once, he had ordered a meal, a cry of "To arms!" drew him away to the scene of disturbance, only to find that it was a mere scrap caused by a few passing soldiers of the Garde Imperiale insulting the Chevalier's troop with a cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* before galloping off in the darkness. This incident cost the Chevalier a war-horse which he "loved *à la folie*." He then received a message that Louis XVIII, on being forced to leave his kingdom, would not exact service from his officers, though he would accept it from such as cared to remain with him in spite of uncertainty as to pay or provision for them. On this the Chevalier would not even sacrifice a moment to sleep before setting off to rejoin the King at Ypres. Arriving there, he was kept waiting

three hours on the bridge in pouring rain before the Commandant decided to open the gate for him.

It was not surprising that when victory ended his mission on the Belgian frontier he was very much exhausted; to this was added an injury from the kick of a horse, for which he had to undergo more than one operation on his leg.

Fanny set off to join him, and had extraordinary difficulties in her journey, as there was no direct coach-route, and time-tables appear to have been unknown.

At last she reached him, and before long they returned to France together. It was a grief to them to see how Louis XVIII's foreign allies still dominated France; they felt it an humiliation to have to procure passports endorsed by English and Prussian officers to re-enter their own country, and especially to submit to the tactless investigations of a Prussian officer of much lower rank than General d'Arblay! They had next to pass through a district held by new, yet still foreign masters—the Russians—who had established posts along the high road, but whom they found to be gentle and well-behaved. They even had a glimpse of the Emperor of all the Russias, who came out of the house assigned to him “in an undress uniform, wearing no stars or orders, and with an air of gay good humour, and unassuming ease.” He chatted in French with a little party at the gate, more like a young country squire, Fanny thought, than an

Emperor, and then drove off in an open carriage attended by one officer.

The French country-people to whom they spoke on their journey seemed unconvinced that Napoleon was really and finally conquered.

The Chevalier was not fit to take up military duty again, and was placed on the retired list. Alexander d'Arblay was now given his choice between a commission in his father's old regiment in France or a civil career in England, and he chose England. This decided his parents to settle there too, and they established themselves in Bath.

The Chevalier d'Arblay wore all his military decorations once more, for a presentation to Queen Charlotte in the Pump-Room at Bath. As she talked to him Fanny met her eyes, with a look in them that seemed to say, "Now I know I am making you happy!" At the end of the interview Her Majesty remarked to the Chevalier, "Mme d'Arblay thinks I have never seen you before! but she is mistaken, for I peeped at you through the window as you passed to the terrace at Windsor."

In May 1818 the Chevalier d'Arblay died at Bath; and still Fanny had twenty-two years of life before her, and another tragedy to face.

She moved to London, and occupied herself in examining the many papers which her father had left, and in writing her *Memoirs of Dr Burney*.

Alexander was a great comfort to her. During his career at Cambridge there had been some

anxiety, since, after a most promising start, he seemed likely to lose the high place he had been expected to take, through the change from French to English methods in his study of mathematics. To his earnest mother and ardent father he seemed also to be lacking in ambition. Fanny tried to write with due appreciation of his "inartificial character," but it was only when the Chevalier d'Arblay showed himself disappointed in his son's progress that Fanny set forth his qualities with real warmth. It is curious to find her warning her son to be more "natural" in his style of writing, at a time when her own was becoming more and more wordy and elaborate. In 1818 Alexander came out 10th wrangler, and did, after all, win the fellowship that had been hoped for at Christ's College. In 1819 he was ordained.

At this time Fanny re-opened correspondence with Mrs Piozzi, who seemed unable to grow old—on her eightieth birthday she gave a ball and supper to more than two hundred people at Bath, and even opened the ball herself.

The Princesses, too, never dropped their affectionate interest in Fanny. She relates how she passed a morning as nearly delightful as any could now be to her with Princess Augusta, who played to her, and sang airs she had composed herself. Princess Mary, now Duchess of Gloucester, thoughtfully sent Fanny reports of Queen Charlotte's last illness, so that she might be spared shock as far as possible.

It is grievous to record that even now there was more for Fanny to bear. In 1836 Alexander was appointed to Ely Chapel, and his marriage was soon to follow. The house attached to the Chapel was, apparently, neglected and damp, and soon after going there he developed influenza, and died within three weeks. Madame d'Arblay lived three years longer, and mercifully a very dear niece was able to be with her.

She died on 6th January 1840, the anniversary of her sister Susan's death, at the age of eighty-seven.

The record of her life may seem to draw its interest from the people and events which filled it with such a full measure rather than from herself. Her feelings, and still more her expression of them, are not in the simple, restrained taste which is admired to-day, but in her time emotional "sensibility" was as natural, and as much respected, as reserve came to be in later times.

Fanny Burney had many devoted friends in her long life, both in England and in France, and her *Diary and Letters* give a picture of her times unspoiled by being pruned and dressed in order to appeal to the literary taste of a later generation.

"Poor Fan" moves through her own story an indomitable little figure, bravely facing more changes and chances than often come in one life-time.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

FANNY BURNAY's published work (apart from the diary and letters) comprises four novels, one volume of tragedies, a paper on the condition of emigrant French clergy in England, and three volumes of *Memoirs of Dr Burney*.

*Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World* was first published, in 3 vols., in 1778. Of succeeding editions the most attractive is that edited by Austin Dobson and illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan, 1903). *Evelina* is now included in the *Temple Classics* series, the *York Library*, and *Everyman's Library* (edited by E. R. Rhys, Dent, 1909).

*Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress* was first published in 5 vols. in 1782. In 1904 *Cecilia* appeared in the *York Library* series.

*Camilla, or a Picture of Youth*, published in 5 vols. in 1796.

*The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, published in 5 vols. in 1814.

*Tragic Dramas*, published in 1818.

*Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant French Clergy* appeared in 1793, with the object of helping to raise funds to relieve the necessities of the emigrants.

*Memoirs of Dr Burney*, 3 vols., in 1832. The preparation of these memoirs was the chief occupation of Madame d'Arblay's old age.

Fanny Burney's diaries and letters were not published until after her death. Her early diary was edited by Annie R. Ellis, in 2 vols., under the title *The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778*, published in 1889. Since 1907 this has been available in *Bohn's Standard Library* edition.

The following are the principal editions of *The Diary*

and *Letters of Madame d'Arblay* (1778–1840): 1st edition in 7 vols., 1842–6. As edited by her niece Charlotte Barrett, 4 vols., with portraits, 1891. As edited by W. C. Ward and prefaced by Lord Macaulay's essay, 3 vols., 1891. As edited by Charlotte Barrett, with preface and notes by Austin Dobson, 6 vols., illustrated (Macmillan, 1904).

A collection of all the passages in Madame d'Arblay's works which refer to Dr Johnson was published in 1912:—*Dr Johnson and Fanny Burney*, with introduction and notes by Chauncey Brewster Tinker (Andrew Melrose).

*Fanny Burney and Surrey* by S. W. Kershaw (1911) gives an account of her connections with that county.

A life of Fanny Burney is supplied in the *English Men of Letters* series—*Fanny Burney* by Austin Dobson (Macmillan, 1903).

Three books by Constance Hill cover the greater part of the period of the diaries: *The House in St Martin's Street*, described as chronicles of the Burney family, with illustrations and reproduction of portraits (John Lane, 1907); *Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte*, with illustrations (John Lane, 1912); *Juniper Hall*, describing the life of the French émigrés and Fanny's introduction to M. d'Arblay, with illustrations (John Lane, 1904).

Another account of Fanny's life at court is given in *The Keeper of the Robes* by F. F. Moore (Hodder and Stoughton, 1912).

An older book which provides a picture of Fanny's life and circle, with selected passages from her diary, is *Fanny Burney and her Friends* by L. B. Seeley (Seeley and Co., 1890).

Hitherto unpublished portions of Madame d'Arblay's diary appeared in *Fanny Burney and the Burneys*, edited, with a preface, by R. Brimley Johnson (Stanley Paul, 1926). The additional portions of the diary consist of

about 90 pages, which describe a journey to France and incidents of Madame d'Arblay's first year in Paris. The rest of the book refers to Dr Burney, Susan and other members of the family, and includes selections from their letters and writings.

A classic essay on Madame d'Arblay is to be found in Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*. A modern critical essay has been published by the English Association (pamphlet 60)—*Fanny Burney* by E. J. Morley (1925).



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